Circulation Last Week, 166,000.

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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THIS PAPER IS PAID FOR.

The BLADE sends no Papers out except to Paid - in - Advance subscribers.

VOLUME LVI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1888. NUMBER 43.

Poetry.

WALT WHITMAN ON OLD AGE.

The touch of flame—the illuminating fire—the
loftiest look at last.
O'er city, passion, sea—o'er prairie, mountains,
wood—the earth itself;
The airy, different, changing hues of all, in fall-
ing twilight,
Objects and groups, bearings, faces, reminis-
cences;
The calmer light—the golden setting, clear and
broad:
So much i' the atmosphere, the points of view,
the situations whence we scan,
Bro't out by them alone—so much (perhaps the
best) unreck'd before;
The lights indeed from them—old age's lam-
bent peaks.

—*The Century.*

METHOD IN MODESTY.

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished, too;
Every where he went together,
He would murmur: "After you!"

Did we reach a door toge her,
He would never first go through,
But would wait and let me pass him,
Saying softly: "After you!"

Was there anything we wanted,
And was noboughi for two,
He would always let me have it,
Always muttered: "After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whatsoe'r the case might be;
He would never be the leader,
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
Maybe 'tis a passing whim,
But he has not since been heard of,
And now I am after him.

—*The Harvard.*

Our Story Teller.

A STRANGE LOVE AFFAIR

HECTOR Mackinnon was a divinity student. He had just completed his fourth year of the hall, and expected soon to be licensed as a probationer. He was the only son of a wealthy merchant and had been destined for the ministry from his birth.

Brought up under a terribly severe code of social ethics, the theater, concert and ball-room were represented to Hector as only so many roads to perdition, and being of an amiable disposition and desirous of pleasing his father, he had up till now, when he had attained his 23d year, sedulously eschewed these enticing forms of social amusement. It was not destined, however, that he was always to remain in this state of innocent ignorance. A brilliant theatrical star visited the city, and turned the heads of all—both young and old, male and female alike. Her stage name was Violet d'Esterre, (no one knew her real name), and the wonderful perfection of her exquisite rendition of Shakespearean tragedy that her justly-earned fame rested. The college students were particularly enthusiastic in her praise and crowded the theater nightly to admire her beauty and listen entranced to her elocution. One night Hector, persuaded by his friends, consented to accompany them to hear this paragon of passionate declamation.

The play was the old, old story of the hapless lovers of Verona. Such a hold had her impersonation of Juliet taken on the public that they insisted on it being performed night after night to the exclusion of other tragic parts in which she was equally renowned. If any of our readers have not been in a theater until they were about the age of Hector, they will be able to realize the very powerful effect the music, beautiful scenery, bright dresses and decorations had on his imagination, and how they conduced to give full effect to the sense of bewildered admiration he felt when the curtain rose on the banquet hall in Capulet's house and the fair daughter of Capulet. How freely, it seemed to him, did Romeo express his feelings in saying:

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

From the moment the curtain was raised until it descended at the end of the fifth act, Hector sat spell-bound, oblivious to everything on earth save the scenes that were being enacted on the stage. His companions had to arouse him when it became time to quit the theater.

"Well, Mackinnon," said Charlie Smith, "what do you think of the d'Esterre? Jolly-like girl, isn't she?"

Hector spoke of the young lady in that vulgar way," he replied. "I am certain that girl is as pure and good as Juliet was."

"I am not saying a word against her; nobody can do that," his companion rejoined. "Surely, surely, you've not got hit with her charms—you, of all men."

Hector was in no mood for badinage at that moment, and pleading a headache, he hurried to his lodgings. He could not imagine what was the matter, but, after tossing all night uneasily in bed, he had to confess to himself the next morning that he, Hector Mackinnon, the budding clergyman, the bitter opponent of things theatrical, and of bohemianisms of every sort, had fallen hopelessly and irretrievably in love with an actress he had seen for the first and only time a few hours ago. There was no use trying to disguise the truth to himself; he felt that life without the possession of this fair creature would not be worth living, but that with her by his side the roughest tempests that fate could send would feel like gentle, wooing zephyrs.

His life had only one object, and that was to gain an introduction to Mdlle. d'Esterre, and press his suit with all the ardor of a lover who felt that his life's happiness depended on the result.

Every night found him at the theater, gazing on the unconscious cause of his distraction, "till his life's love left him through his eyes." The rich, clear notes of the actress's contralto voice seemed to flood the theater with the music of the spheres, and filled his soul with an agony of delight. At this period it would have been an unspeakable relief to his over-charged feelings if he had had some sympathetic friend to make a confidant of. But, alas, the sufferer from the darts of the rosy god, like the victim of the prosaic toothache, obtains no sympathy from his kind.

Time wore on, and the posters announced the last six nights of mademoiselle's engagement. He had tried his best to procure an introduction, but without success, the friends and associates of his past life being widely outside of theatrical circles. He found out, however, where she lodged, and the hour at which she generally took her daily promenade. In vain did he follow her at a respectful distance in the fond hope that some drunken man, runaway horse or other street casualty might afford the means of an impromptu introduction; unfortunately the pedestrians were all sober, and the horses jogged on in a manner remarkably sedate and correct. At last, when almost reduced to despair, an ingenious thought occurred to him. The talented actress occasionally gave morning recitations and readings. He was possessed of considerable literary ability, and what was to hinder him from composing a suitable piece for recitation, sending it to her for approval, and by that means obtaining a personal interview? Being favorably impressed with the feasibility of the scheme, he set to work and composed a hundred-line poem in blank verse, setting forth the torments of unrequited love very forcibly, if not elegantly. With a trembling hand he dropped this into the letter-box, the epistle being accompanied by a polite note, craving her acceptance of the offering.

Who will attempt to describe the 36 hours of suspense before a reply came, in a polite little epistle redolent of patchouli, thanking Mr. Mackinnon for his kind present, which she would be glad to use on the first suitable occasion. She was, however, of the opinion that, from an elocutionary point of view, certain alterations would tend to make it much more effective. Would Mr. McKinnon honor mademoiselle by calling on her at her residence at noon the next day, when said alterations could be discussed? The poor fellow almost cried as he again and again pressed the precious missive to his lips; and it was some time before his spirits were sufficiently calmed down to admit of his inditing a coherent reply. Hope now lent her roseate hue to our hero's love prospects, and it was with difficulty he compelled himself to await the slow progress of the hands on the dial of his watch till they were conjoined over the happy hour appointed for his interview with her who held his life's happiness at her sole command.

Arrived at his destination he timidly rang the door bell, and on giving the servant his card was informed that the lady was "at home." On entering the drawing-

room he beheld mademoiselle reclining in a graceful attitude on a low ottoman. She wore a negligé costume of some sort of soft, warm, cream-colored material, which harmonized delightfully with her clear, transparent, olive complexion, and displayed to great advantage the symmetry of her exquisitely formed figure. She wore no jewelry; her only ornament was a beautiful Marshal MacMahon rose, the deep crimson petals of which formed a charming contrast to the raven tresses on which they reposed. There were two other occupants of the room, and it was easy to see, from their "at home" air, that they were not merely visitors.

One was a brisk, little lady with a pleasant, good-humored expression, and who it would be safe to guess, had seen at least fifty summers. The other was a tall, stately girl of not more than 17 or 18. She had evidently been participating at the piano, which lay open with the score of a new opera on the music holder. Had Hector's mind not been so fully engrossed he probably would have noticed a considerable resemblance between her and the fair object of his devotions. The principal difference lay in the color of the hair, the complexion, and the stature. The young lady was a pronounced blonde, possessing large, azure eyes, of almost dreamy softness, and a wealth of light, reddish-golden hair, carelessly twisted and fastened in a coil at the back of the head.

As Hector advanced, mademoiselle rose gracefully from her seat, and, glancing at his card, said in the same rich, contralto tones which had so enthralled him in the theater: "Ah, Mr. Mackinnon, I perceive. Good morning, sir. Pray be seated." Holding out her hand, he had the brief, precious delight of pressing it for a second in his trembling palm. "Now, you needn't leave the room," she said, addressing her two companions. "This is the gentleman who did me the honor of sending me the poem entitled 'Amor in Mors.' Permit me to introduce you to my good friend, Mrs. Eskell, and to Mdlle. Anderson, my niece."

The introductions being over, Hector resumed his seat. He never before felt so embarrassed in the whole course of his life.

Seeing his embarrassment, the lady came to his relief, saying: "Mr. Mackinnon, I am very much pleased with your poem, and I think with a few slight alterations it might make a very effective recitation. Do you not think, though, the title too lugubrious? Could you not substitute some other word for Mors? Just reflect. Fancy me dying every night for the past fortnight as Juliet. It is really too sad and the good folks actually try to insist on my manager making me repeat night after night a part which I have begun really to detest."

"Oh, mademoiselle, do not say that!" cried Hector. "Ah, if you knew the delightful thrill you send through the audience in the balcony scene—and—and—the tears you cause them to shed when the unfortunate heroine—Shakespeare's greatest creation—"

"Shakespeare's greatest fiddlestick!" she replied, laughing merrily. "What people see in her I'm sure I don't know! To my mind she's a forward young chit, that would have been much better employed in mending Papa Capulet's hose and helping her mother to keep house than philandering with her Romeo. But about 'Amor in Mors.' Don't you think, now, you could make it just the tiniest little bit funny? I do so long to get out of this continual round of love-making, murder and suicide."

"You are pleased, mademoiselle, to be satirical this morning," he replied. "I can not do you the injustice of supposing you are in earnest in what you say. No one could enact the part of Juliet so nobly unless she were capable of imbuing herself thoroughly with the divine passion attributed to the heroine by her creator."

"Believe me, you are quite wrong there. Mr. Mackinnon. It is not by any means those parts which actors have the natural emotional qualifications for that they excel in portraying. Nature in that case destroys art, and hence it is that parts that actors like best are precisely those they act worst. For myself, I am guided entirely by public criticism, and confine myself to those roles that draw the best houses. Of course, I have my own predilections. I have a very fair singing voice, and think I should be able to do very well in opera bouffe. Oh, I do dote on opera bouffe! But about 'Amor in Mors.' I really think the language is splendid—quite as good as Shakespeare's, I dare say, although I don't profess to be a literary critic. Well, if you would alter the language in such a way as to make the audience take a hearty laugh after I had wound them up to the crying pitch, I believe it would be effective, and I will line it in the bills for my first Saturday morning readings."

"Alas, mademoiselle, I fear my poor verses are not susceptible of being changed in the way you wish; but if you allow me, I shall endeavor to write something in a lighter vein, that may have the happiness to merit your approval. Permit me to ask you a question or two, I pray."

"With pleasure, sir," she replied. "I presume you are of the literary profession?"

Hector was not very sure whether a divinity student came or right under that category or not, but he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, we shall be glad to see you, if you can come along here to supper at 12 o'clock on Friday, first. It is a farewell entertainment I am giving a few friends of the press and others. If you have your new piece done bring it with you; I'll recite it, and we'll see what they think of it." Thus saying, she rose, as if to indicate the interview was at an end, and after making his adieux, Hector departed in a very ambitious state of mind. The bright, girlish, gushing Juliet of the footlights was forever annihilated from his mind.

In her stead stood an undeniably handsome, accomplished woman of the world, gay, good-humored, and apparently good-hearted; but so utterly devoid of all sentiment as to frankly avow a longing for opera bouffe. By all the rules of common sense, our hero, being disillusionized, should have at once fallen out of love. This, however, did not happen. After the first shock of finding her so different in her ideas from what he expected, the subjectivity of his passion asserted itself, and his mind soon formed a fresh ideal of female perfection, of which she was again the incarnation.

He had but two days in which to compose his second recitation. Striking a new chord, he wrote it in a light, cynical vein, such as he thought would please the fair actress, judging from her conversation with him. He wrought hard at it, polishing and repolishing every line, until it reached, as he thought, as near as possible a state of brilliant perfection.

When the eventful Friday night arrived he started for mademoiselle's residence with a much greater feeling of confidence than he had experienced on the former occasion. He was the first arrival, and while he sat in the drawing room Mademoiselle Andresen and Mrs. Eskell entered. On his first visit he had not paid much attention to the appearance of the former, and he was almost surprised to see how exceedingly pretty she was. The old lady was very talkative, and was not long in making him aware that she was a distant relative of mademoiselle's, and always played nurse to her Juliet. Mademoiselle Andresen, whose father was a celebrated violinist in Stockholm, had just completed her course of training for the lyric stage at the conservatoire, and was now on a visit to her aunt, to benefit by her instructions in the technicalities of stage business. On being invited by Hector, the young lady sat down to the piano and sang an exquisite Danish ballad, which fairly charmed him. The company now began to arrive, and he conducted the two ladies down to the supper room.

Exceedingly pretty, and exceedingly happy, too, did Mademoiselle d'Esterre look, as she sat at the head of the table listening to the cheerful conversation of her guests. There were not more than a dozen and a half present—four ladies and four gentlemen of them being members of mademoiselle's company. After supper and a due period of vivacity over the wine, the fair hostess called for silence, and intimated her intention of reciting Mr. Mackinnon's new poem. The author felt himself blushing to the tips of his ears as he heard the familiar lines tripped off with rare elocutionary art in her melodious voice. At the conclusion the applause was great; and the gentlemen of the press declared with one voice it was the best thing of the season, and that the author would be sure to make his mark if he applied himself to dramatic literature.

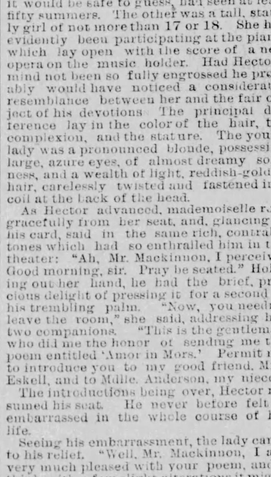
With toast and song the hours sped pleasantly away until 2 o'clock, when the cabs began to arrive for the guests. Hector had been all night in brilliant spirits, and fairly astonished himself with the smartness of his repartee, and the ease with which he accommodated himself to society so different from that to which he had been accustomed. His intoxication of bliss reached its climax when, as the dispersing company were singing "Auld Lang Syne," in the lobby, his hostess whispered in his ear: "Wait; I wish to speak with you. Go up to the drawing-room."

He did so, and awaited her coming with trembling, eager impatience. When she came into the room she looked grave, even sad, he thought. "We may never see each other again, Mr. Mackinnon, and I can not think of letting you go away to-night without some recompense for the pretty poem you wrote for me. Pray, accept of this in recognition of it, and—as a token of my regard for you," and she handed him a magnificent cluster diamond ring.

His head swam; he scarcely knew what he was doing, and fell on his knees before her.

"Oh, mademoiselle!" he cried, his voice hoarse with emotion, "you are an angel!—infinitely too good for me—too good for any one on earth. Oh, how can I dare to look in your sweet face and utter the words which burn on my tongue! Forgive me, for my presumption in daring to say so, but I love you—love you with my whole heart and soul. Dare I ask you to be my wife?"

Mademoiselle d'Esterre at first looked frightened, thinking her friend had taken leave of his senses, or was giving a small sample of his histrionic powers. When he had made an end of his speech, however, she apparently could not help bursting into an immoderate fit of laughter.



"Rise up, you silly fellow!" she cried, "and don't make a baby of yourself."

Her suppliant, who was in a state of bewilderment, mechanically obeyed.

She continued: "Upon my word, Mr. Mackinnon, you have paid a great compliment to my skill in preserving my looks. Why, my poor boy, I could easily be your mother! I was 43 on my last birthday!"

It might have been expected that this astounding piece of information would have actually quenched the flame in the breast of the unfortunate lover, yet it had not that effect. "Alas! mademoiselle, I am sorry that the disparity in our years is so great, although I knew you must be a few years older than myself. But what is age where true love exists? Believe me, if you consent to our union, never will you hear me refer to the dis——"

"Stop, stop, you foolish boy!" the lady cried. "Even were I such a terrible fool as to consent, there is an inseperable legal obstacle in the way."

"What is that?" he asked wonderingly.

"Why, I'm your aunt!" she replied. "My sister Agatha was married to your father!"

* * * * * * * * *

The mortification experienced by our hero, in consequence of the ludicrous incident we have described, was extreme, and it was a few weeks before his mind recovered its accustomed equanimity. When it did, he resumed his college studies; but from the time lost and the still partially unsettled state of his mind, he failed to pass his examination, and he gave up in disgust his intention of qualifying for the ministry. Mademoiselle Andresen's company soon paid another visit to the city, and she advised him to try "adapting" French plays. He was tolerably successful in this, and by her influence was able to get them placed with some of the London managers. He then determined to devote himself entirely to dramatic literature, and being much thrown into the company of his fair cousin, Miss Andresen, a mutual affection grew up between them, and the attachment culminated in marriage. We understand that they live happily, although his wife does sometimes joke him about his love adventure with his aunt.—*Chambers's Journal.*

And He Had It, Too.

"I want," said a new customer the other day, in one of our rough-and-ready, dish-banging restaurants, where the waiter chucks your plate on the table before you with a "take that and be blowed" sort of air—"I want," said the customer, "a beefsteak, pretty well done, but not too well done; just browned a little on both sides and plenty of butter gravy and a cup of coffee without milk; but you may bring some milk in a pitcher with it. Will you remember, waiter. But without delaying any reply the waiter stalked off and bawled into the kitchen: "A beefsteak, gilt-edged, and a cup of coffee, milk outside!"

Boy Pugilists.

A recent issue of the London Daily *Sportsman* contains an extended account of a novel glove contest between two small boys, brothers, and nephews of Mr. J. P. Johnson. The oldest boy is but 13 years old, his brother being a year younger. The fighting of the midgets aroused all London and drew an immense crowd. The younger one, Charlie, downed his brother in six rounds, and received a handsome silver cup, offered by a very wealthy citizen of London. The *Sportsman* says: "Of course the hitting lacked the sting and force of older hands, but throughout the rounds the lads boxed well, standing up to their work and hitting straight from the shoulder without any hugging."

Kansas City's Numerous Elite.

It was, I believe, a Mr. McAllister, of New York, who estimated that the number of people "in society" in the metropolis at 400, and, if I am not mistaken, it was our valued fellow citizen, Col. Cornerlots, who jubilantly declared that Kansas City could do "a d——d sight better than that," and offered to bet a carload of steers that when it came to an actual round-up we had at least 4,000 elite.—*Kansas City Journal.*

Genuine Grief.

"Didn't young Brown inherit his late uncle's property?"

"Yes; he was sole heir."

"Yet he seemed to be genuinely affected at the funeral. His face bore every mark of grief and distress."

"Yes, Brown is subject to hay fever."—*Life.*

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Alas! how easily things go wrong;
A sigh too much or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas! and how easily things go wrong;
A drop too much or a glass too strong,
And there follows a mist and a blinding pain,
And it's some time before you're the same
again. EOS.

The Way it Goes.

John Smith crosses the street, posts a letter and returns.

Fancy. First Gossip—"There goes Mr. Smith into the house. I wonder where he's been.

Second Gossip—"Did he appear to be in a hurry?"

"Yes, went up two steps at a time"

"Men don't hurry that way unless a detective is after them."

"Maybe his rich uncle has died suddenly and he is suspected of poisoning the dear, innocent old man."

"Shouldn't wonder. Folks thought it mighty strange when his father died so unexpectedly, after being sick only four years with consumption, but, la me! nothing came of it. The law is a regular farce, anyhow."

"Indeed, it is. To be sure, his father died poor, and his life insurance had run out, but that man Smith, of course, didn't know that. Any one could see by the respectful way he treated the old man that he thought his father was rich."

"Yes, indeed, and Mrs. Smith was just as careful not to hurt the old man's feelings as her husband was. Who ever heard of a woman acting that way to her father-in-law if he wasn't rich, or supposed to be? Oh, they're a pair. I wonder which killed him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Said Through Innocence.

Customer (to saloonkeeper)—What are you laughing at, Dutchy?

Saloonkeeper—A young feller vas choost telling me a very funny choke abowid dose goot times coming ven dot lion und do lamb dey lie down togedder, but dot lion vas inside dot lamb. Dot vas no chestnut. You hat a beer mit me?

Miss Lulu (to grandmother)—"George and I have just returned from the beach, grandmamma, dear. The ocean to-night, as it reflects the rays of the moon, is so placid and beautiful. We sat there for nearly two hours drinking it in."

Grandmother—"Gracious, child, ye oughtn't to drink too much on it; it'll make ye sick."—*N. Y. Sun.*

City Man (facetiously)—"I suppose your principal amusement in the country is sitting on the fence and hearing the corn grow, isn't it?"

Country Man—Oh, no. The women folks gad around and talk about their neighbors, an' the men folks get together an' crack jokes an' git tight pretty much the same as you do in the city."—*Philadelphia Record.*

No News at All.

The times are dull for reporters just now, and one accosted a gentleman in a city not far distant, as follows:

"Any news to-day, Judge?"

"Not a thing; the weather is somewhat warmer, that's all. You might say, if you like, though, that I have been at my farm in the country for a week."

"All right. Anything new in the country?"

"Not a thing. The corn is growing splendidly. I've been putting a new roof on my barn, if that'll make an item."

"Anything else?"

"Well, my brother from Ohio is visiting me. That'll do as a personal, I suppose. There's really no news. I wouldn't have come in from the farm only I had to hunt up the coroner."

"The coroner! Why?"

"My hired man murdered his wife last night. But I'll have to go. You might say that my little boy Willie is recovering from a bad attack of diphtheria."—*Hudson Register.*

Hope Springs Eternal.

Office boy (to Arizona editor)—Dere is a big bloke out in de udder room wid a gun in his pants what says he wants ter interview yer.

Editor (taking down his Winchester and throwing the lever)—Ah, I haven't killed a man for seven weeks, come Saturday. Show him in please.

Boy—Oh, he don't want ter fight, he's just got a book ter sell.

Editor (with a sigh)—That's just my infernal luck! Here I'm dying for a little excitement, and the man don't want to fight—ah, did you say he had a bookt o sell?

Boy—Yes, nice big red book.

Editor (fiercely)—There is still hope if he is a book agent. (Cocks rifle.) Show the whelp in and I will proceed to mangle him.—*Peck's Sun.*

Then Silence Reigned.

Mrs. Penn—What a quiet young man Mr. Wallnutt is. I don't know any one who is so modest, so retiring, so unobtrusive, so—

Mr. Penn—I do.

Mrs. P.—You do? Why, William, who?

Mr. P.—His brother is so much quieter that comparison ceases to compare.

Mrs. P.—His brother?

Mr. P.—Yes. He's dead.

And then the silence was so intense that they could hear the bed tick.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Promptly Answered.

Husband (absent-mindedly)—Because he makes up forms.

Wife—What is that John?

Husband (rousing himself)—Oh, I've got a conundrum for you, my dear, I originated it myself and you couldn't guess it in a month. Why is an undertaker like a printer?

Wife (promptly)—Because he makes up forms.

Husband (crushed)—Well, I'll be durned if I thought you could ever guess it.—*Epoch.*

That Awful Boy.

"What's the matter, Johnny," asked one of the neighbors' boys as his companion came out of the alley gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?"

"Nop."

"Didn't ye get any?"

"Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it."

"What made ye leave so soon?"

"Well, I said something at the table and everybody but pa laughed."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Not a Slander After All.

"I see by the papers," said Momus to Sauber, "that your daughter is not prepared to receive her gentlemen friends this evening."

"By the papers?" howled Sauber. "What right have the papers to——"

"I mean the curl papers," hastily explained Momus, inclining his head toward a young lady whose front hair was twisted up in numerous small pieces of paper. And as Momus was married and an old friend of the family he was not ejected.—*Norristown Herald.*

Pairing Off.

Wilkins—I hope I'm not in the way, Miss Tompkyns.

Miss Tompkyns—Why, Mr. Wilkins, how can you suggest such a thing! You know I believe in even numbers. Pollie and Charlie make two; Jack and I make four; you and the dog make six. We are all paired off nicely.—*Cartoon.*

Settled Down.

First Deacon—You've got that horse yet, I see.

Second Deacon—Why shouldn't I have him?

F. D.—You are always selling or trading your horses, you know.

S. D.—There isn't anything the matter with this one.—*The Cartoon.*

An Eloquent Gift.

Wife (of a year)—How sweet you are! A solitaire pearl ring for my birthday present! How did you come to seciect this?

Husband—The pearl represents our child, our dear little Pearl.

"Oh, of course. Then I suppose the gold represents me."

"Well, yes; you are always 'round."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Lack of Space.

"Do you know Mr. De Baine that they are talking of opening an asylum for dudes?"

"Awh, you are facetious, Miss Candid. And why don't they open it?"

"Because they can't find a building large enough."—*Time.*

Making a Diagnosis.

"Your husband, Mrs. Murphy, is suffering from a complication of diseases. I must first make a diagnosis——"

"Yis, yez make it out of culd muslin, doctor? I haven't a bit of flannel in the house."—*Cartoon.*

A Boston Child.

Our little boy, 6 years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa:

"Who taught the first man his letters?"—*Boston Globe.*

A Beargholder Beats the Parrot.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot spent the sunshiny hours of yesterday afternoon in preening out his feathers, which had become sadly draggled during the week. He was consequently in a good humor, and even whistled a few bars of "Dixie" before saluting a passing workman with his old cry:

"The tariff is a tax."

"Let's see about that," said the workingman, thoughtfully. "During the last ten years my wages have averaged $15 a week. I have saved $1,000 and invested in a house, on which there is a mortgage of $800. If the tariff is abolished my wages will drop to $9 a week or less, the value of the house will fall, and the mortgage will stay just where it is, to $1,000. How can I pay the interest on the mortgage or keep the savings bank from foreclosing it and wiping out all my savings for its own protection if my 'mutaxed' wages fail to that figure? Answer that question, Pretty Polly."

The bird, with an air of annyance, ignored the question and reiterated its old cry, "The tariff is a tax."

"Well," said the workingman, after waiting in vain for an answer, "if a tax helps me to earn a home, and its repeal will rob me of ten years' earnings, my vote goes for 'taxation.' It will not do to unsettle values so as to ruin all the debtors and many of the creditors."

But the dull-witted fowl of brilliant color thrust out its tongue and croaked again: "The tariff is a tax."

Spotlets on the (N. Y.) Sun.

A PARADOX.

Leaves, leaves, autumn leaves,
Whirling, twirling in the wind!
The groveling mind
Perceives
When autumn comes, autumn leaves.

The pain of parting is never so great as when one has a sore head.

"I have biting pains just after eating," said the dyspeptic.

"You ought to have your stomach teeth pulled," replied the sympathetic friend.

Robert Browning's son, Robert Barrett Browning, is familiarly known as "Pen." Perhaps this is to distinguish him from his father, who is known to his intimates as "His Nibs."

"This roundsman says you were intoxicated."

"Your Honor, the roundsman's a goo' feller, but he was wrong. T'wasn't me, but m' boots that were tight. How can a man walk sober if his boots 're tight?"

"Ten dollars for the spree. Ten days for the joke. Next."

Mrs. Paran Stevens claims to have had $100,000 worth of jewels stolen. Does anyone know in what theatre Mrs. Stevens is to make her professional debut?

When Shakespeare said: "Frailty, thy name is woman," he could not have included old maids in his diction. Strong tea is their forte.

Hunting for Initials.

At the Club: "I say, Harry, have you seen the latest in hosiery?"

"No. What is it?"

"Oh, the girls have their monograms worked in their stockings."

"Then that accounts for it."

"For what?"

"Why, yesterday, during the storm, Jack Fourinhand stood here at the windoy with an opera glass, looking at a young lady crossing the street, and when I asked him what he was looking at he said he was trying to make out her initials. I thought he was making game of me and didn't question him further."—*Peck's Sun.*

A Case of Necessity.

Visitor (to convict)—What are you in for, friend?

Convict—I'm an ex-policeman, sir; I'm in for stealing.

Visitor—That's bad. Can I do anything for you?

Convict—If you could send me a pint of peanuts, sir, you would save my life. I was on the force so long I can't live without 'em.—*The Epoch.*

Said Nothing to Speak Of.

Mrs. Enuni—Did the ladies leave any message, Bridget, when you told them that I was not in?

Bridget—Co'm, not to me, mum, bud wan av them turruned to the other and sez: "There, Nellie, didn't Oi say that the four-leaf clover phwat Oi found this morniu' wud bhring us luck?"—*Peck's Sun.*

Pursuit of Knowledge.

Son and heir (whose inquiring turn of mind is occasionally a nuisance)—"I say, pa, what's a v'cab'lary?"

Father—"A vocabulary, my boy—what d' you want to know that for?"

Son—"'Cause I heard 'ma say she'd no idea what a tremenjious v'cab'lary you'd got, till you missed the train on Saturday!"—*London Punch.*

In Trouble Any Way.

A foreign comic paper publishes a caricature representing three soldiers—a German, an Austrian and an Italian.

The German thus addresses the other two members of the triple alliance:

"You know, if we are attacked you will have to march in front."

The Italian (resigned)—Yes; but if we should have to beat a retreat?

The German—Then, on the contrary, you would have to march behind.—*Judge.*

Results of Eccentricity.

Stranger (to bartender)—Was there a gentleman in here this morning who talked about his bones and sinews, and who claimed that he only pays for whiskey once a year?

Bartender—He was here stranger.

Stranger—D'ye know where I can find him?

Bartender—Yes, stranger, the gentleman's present address is Bellevue Hospital, surgical ward 3.—*Epoch.*

An Average of Relationship.

Miss Tenice—There's that poor Mr. Ovrade. Just think, there is only a brother standing between him and a coronet.

Mr. Karmley—He ought to be reconciled, though; he's got several broken uncles standing between him and starvation.—*Time.*

Deeply Affected.

Actor (to friend)—Didn't it strike you, Charley, that a large number of the audience were considerably moved over my soliloquy in the second act?

Friend—Oh, yes; I noticed quite a number got up and moved out.—*Epoch.*

A Fellow Feeling.

"Me? Rob me?" piteously protested a passenger on a Texas railway to a masked man who was relieving him of his valuables. "Can you have the heart to do it, old pard? I was the news agent on this line for three years when I was a young man!"

Revenge is Sweet.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped."

"I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once and I want to get square with him."

He got his turkey.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Couldn't Break the Rule.

A young man of good address applied for a place on a Western newspaper, and ended by saying: "I have had all the advantages of a college education; I was graduated at Yale in 1886."

"I'm glad you spoke of that," said the editor.

"Are you?"

"Yes, indeed; it is one of our cast-iron rules never to employ a Yale graduate."—*The Cartoon.*

Squaring Up.

He—I'm afraid if you turn that clock back an hour your mother will find it out.

She—I'm merely setting it right. She turned it ahead.—*Cartoon.*

Regardless of Cost.

"You don't mean to say, John, that you are going to have a steam-heating arrangement in the basement, do you?"

"I do, Maria," said John, with iron firmness. "I'm going to keep those feet of yours warm this winter if it costs $1,000!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott's intensely thrilling story, "The Talisman," was commenced in the Weekly BLADE of October 4. New subscribers desiring the complete story, should write for back numbers at once.]

CHAPTER III.

The warriors rose from their place of brief rest and simple refreshment, and courteously aided each other, while they carefully replaced and adjusted the harness, from which they had relieved for the time their trusty steeds. Each seemed familiar with an employment which, at that time, was a part of necessary, and, indeed, of indispensable duty. Each also seemed to possess, as far as the difference betwixt the animal and rational species admitted, the confidence and affection of the horse, which was the constant companion of his travels and his warfare.

With the Saracen, this familiar intimacy was a part of his early habits; for, in the tents of the Eastern military tribes, the horse of the soldier ranks next to, and almost equal in importance with his wife and his family; and, with the European warrior, circumstances, and indeed necessity, rendered his war-horse scarcely less than his brother-in-arms.

The steeds, therefore, suffered themselves to be quietly taken from their food and liberty, and neighed and snuffled fondly around their masters, while they were adjusting their accoutrements for further travel and additional toil. And each warrior, as he prosecuted his own task, or assisted with courtesy his companion, looked with observant curiosity at the equipment of his fellow-traveler, and noted particularly what struck him as peculiar in the fashion in which he arranged his riding accoutrements.

Ere they mounted to resume their journey, the Christian knight again moistened his lips and dipped his hands in the living fountain, and said to the Pagan associate of his journey, "I would I knew the name of this delicious fountain, that I might hold it grateful remembrance, for never did water slake more deliciously a more oppressive thirst than I have this day experienced."

"It is called in the Arabic language," answered the Saracen, "by a name which signifies the Diamond of the Desert."

"And well is so named," replied the Christian, "My native valley hath a thousand springs, but not to one of them shall I attach hereafter such precious recollection as to this solitary fount, which bestows its liquid treasures where they are not only delightful, but nearly indispensable.

"You speak the truth," said the Saracen; "for the curse is still on yonder sea of death, and neither man nor beast drinks of its waves, nor of the river which feeds without filling it, until this inhospitable desert be passed."

They mounted, and pursued their journey across the sandy plain. The ardor of noon was now nearly past, and a light, gentle breeze somewhat alleviated the terrors of the desert, though not without bearing on its wings an impalpable dust, which the Saracen little heeded, though his heavily-armed companion felt it as such an annoyance, that he hung his iron casque at his saddle bow, and substituted the light riding cap, termed in the language of the time a mortier, from its resemblance in shape to an ordinary mortar.

They rode together for some time in silence, the Saracen performing the part of director and guide of the journey, which he did by observing minute marks and bearings of the distant rocks, to a ridge of which they were gradually approaching.

For a little time he seemed absorbed in his task, as a pilot when navigating a vessel through a difficult channel; but they had not gone half a league when he appeared secure of his route, and disposed, with more frankness than was usual to his nation, to enter into conversation.

"You have asked the name," he said, "of a mute fountain which hath the semblance but not the reality, of a living thing. Let me be pardoned to ask the name of the companion whom I have this day encountered, both in danger and in repose, and which I cannot fancy unknown, even here in the deserts of Palestine?"

"It is not yet worth publishing," said the Christian, "Know, however, that among the soldiers of the Cross I am called Kenneth—Kenneth of the Couching Leopard, at home, and by that title I am known to wield no mean harsh in an eastern car. Brave Saracen, let me ask which of the tribes of Arabia claims your descent, and also, by what name you are known?"

"Sir Kenneth," said the Moslem, "I joy that your name is such that my lips can easily utter. For me, I am an Arab, yet deem my descent from a line neither less wild nor less war-like. Know, Sir Knight of the Leopard, that I am Sheerkohf, the Lion of the Mountain, and that Kurdistan, from which I derive my descent, holds no family more noble than that of Seljook."

"I have heard," answered the Christian, "that your great Soldan claims his blood from the same source."

"Thanks to the Prophet that hath so far honored our mountains, as to send from their bosom him whose word is victory," answered the Paynim. "I am but as a worm before the king of Egypt and Syria, and yet in my own land something my name may avail. Stranger, with how many men think'st thou come on this warfare?"

"By my faith," said Sir Kenneth, "with the aid of friends and kinsmen, I was hardly pinched to furnish forth ten well-appointed lances, with maybe some fifty more men, arches and varlets included. Some have deserted my unlucky pennon—some have fallen in battle—several by sickness of disease—and one trusty armor-bearer, for whose life I am now doing my pilgrimage, lies on the bed of sickness."

"Christian," said Sheerkohf, "here I have five arrows in my quiver, each feathered from the wing of an eagle. When I send one of them to my tents, a thousand warriors mount on horseback, and should another arrow, an equal force will arise—for the five I can command five thousand men; and if I send my bow, ten thousand riders will shake the desert. And with thy fifty followers thou hast come to invade a land of which I am one of the meanest."

Now, by the rood, Saracen," retorted the western warrior, "thou should'st know, ere thou vauntest thyself, that one steel glove can crush a whole handful of hornets."

"Aye, but it must first enclose them within its grasp," said the Saracen, with a smile which might have endangered their new allegiance, had he not changed the subject by adding, "and is bravery so much esteemed among the Christian princes, that thou thus void of means and men, canst offer, thou didst of late, to be my protector and security in the camp of thy brethren?"

"Know, Saracen," said the Christian, "since such is thy style, that the name of a knight, and the blood of a gentleman, entitle him to place himself in the same rank with sovereigns even of the first degree, in so far as regards all but regal authority and dominion. Were Richard of England himself to wound the honor of a knight as poor as I am, he could not, by the law of chivalry, deny him the combat."

"Methinks I should like to look upon so strange a scene," said the Emir, "in which a leathern belt and a pair of spurs put the poorest on a level with the most powerful."

"You must add free blood and a fearless heart," said the Christian, "then, perhaps, you will not have spoken untruly of the dignity of knighthood."

"And mix you as boldly among the females of your chiefs and leaders," asked the Saracen.

"God forbid," said the Knight of the Leopard, "that the poorest knight in Christendom should not be free, in all honorable service, to devote his hand and sword, the fame of his actions, and the fixed devotion of his heart, to the fairest princess who ever wore coronet on her brow!"

"But a little while since," said the Saracen, "and you described love as the highest treasure of the heart—thine hath undoubtedly been highly and nobly bestowed?"

"Stranger," said the Christian, blushing deeply as he spoke, "we tell not rashly where we have bestowed our choicest treasures—it is enough for thee to know, that, as thou sayest, my love is highly and nobly bestowed—most highly—most nobly; but if thou would hear of love and broken lances, venture thyself, as thou sayest, to the camp of the Crusaders, and thou wilt find exercise for thy ears, and if thou wilt, for thine hands too."

The Eastern warrior, raising himself in his stirrups, and shaking aloft his lance, replied, "

Recent Literature.

IMPROVEMENT AND AMUSEMENT.

Westminster and Other Sermons—Advance Guard of Western Civilization—Spirit and Life—Our Uncle and Aunt—Essays on Practical Politics—Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers — Lava Fires—Magazines, Literary Notes.

"Westminster and Other Sermons," by Richard Chemoix French, D. D., is a collection of sermons taken from "Sermons Preached for the Most Part in Ireland," both of which, it is stated, are now out of print. The reputation of Archbishop French is such that no word of commendation need be given to this volume. Some of the subjects treated are "The Incarnation"; "The Cleansing of the Leper"; "Conviction and Conversion;" "The Slavery of Sin"; The Prodigalities of Love"; "Counting the Cost"; "Temptations and How They Should be Resisted;" "One Body and One Spirit," etc. There are 25 given in this volume. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

From the same publishers comes "The Advance Guard of Western Civilization," by James R. Gilmore, known under the *nom de plume* of Edmund Kirke. The substance of the volume, it is stated in the preface, was given to the public in a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston, in the winter of 1887-88. They have been here amplified into a full narrative of a most remarkable and unique episode of American history. It is the result of eight years of careful study by the author of the early events of the Southwest, four of which were passed upon the grounds, so that it may be considered as authentic. The book is well written, and will be read with interest.

Another volume of sermons comes from Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, entitled "Spirit and Life, Thoughts for To-Day," by Amory H. Bradford, D. D. These discourses were preached in the regular line of pulpit work; and, some of them having been printed in the *Christian Union*, the *Advance*, *Christian Thought* (record of the "American Institute of Christian Philosophy"), etc., and having been found widely acceptable, they have been put together with others for issue in more permanent form. While showing familiarity both with old lines of thought and discussions of the present, Dr. Bradford are free from common stock phrases, either of theologies or philosophies. They have a simple strength and naturalness that go far to impress the doubting mind with the reasonableness of his religious views, while the timely themes he treats are presented in a style full of attractive interest and sympathetic helpfulness.

"Our Uncle and Aunt" is a little book in which the author Amarala Martin raises up a voice in support of the cause of the rights of woman. She addresses the public in the form of a story so constructed as to depict the wrongs inflicted on women by the operation of the laws. She says the book was not written for public approbation, but it will receive no small share of it notwithstanding the warm temper of the self-evident contradiction. There can be no doubt that a day is soon coming when, if not admitted to the full rights of citizenship and suffrage, women will be relieved from the needless oppression of certain statutes; and books like this, which plainly show the working of such laws, will help very much in hastening that work of justice. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

One of the most beautiful series of pocket volumes ever issued in this country is that to which its publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, give the name of Knickerbocker Nuggets. The paper is fine, the print, though small, is exquisitely clear, and the binding is charmingly unique. The issues already comprise, "Tales from the Gesta Romanum," "The Queen's Hall and Nightmare Abbey;" "Gulliver's Travels;" "Tales from Irving;" "The Book of British Ballads;" "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," "Letters, Sentences and Maxims," Lord Chesterfield; "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Lays of Ancient Rome," Macaulay; "Undine and Sintram," Fouque; "The Rose and the Ring," Thackeray; "Irish Melodies," Moore; "The Essays of Elia," Lamb, and "Tales from the Italian Poets," Leigh Hunt. Other volumes are to follow.

The Pittmans also publish in their series of the "Questions of the Day," "Essays on Practical Politics," by Theodore Roosevelt. The volume is made up of two essays which originally appeared in the *Century*. At this time a work from the hand of a thinker on this subject is very welcome. The essays do not pretend to offer a cure for the evils portrayed, but simply to give an accurate account of certain phases of our political life, with both good and bad impartially set forth. That the work has been well done the reader will acknowledge.

The same publishers also issue an attractive book entitled "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers," by Lucia T. Ames, which is, as its name indicates, a work for the little folk, designed to give them, in simple language, a great deal of information about things which they see every day, but which they do not understand. The book is printed in good large type, and well illustrated, presenting a most attractive appearance. A great variety of subjects are touched upon in a charming way.

"Indiana. A Redemption from Slavery" is Vol. XII of "American Commonwealths," issued by Houghton, Mifflen & Co., Boston. The author, J. P. Dumm, jr., author of "Massacres of the Mountains" is a resident of Indiana, and thoroughly familiar with its history. By adequate knowledge and literary skill he is peculiarly competent to treat the subject broadly and in accordance with the scope of the series, which has been well stated by a competent critic: "The books are not mere State histories; they are something much more and very much better than that. They are attempts to embody what is most distinct and peculiar in the political life and history of each State, and to show how that has contributed to the development of the whole. Mr. Dunn's book possesses a special interest from the fact that it is the only record of the official and political life of William Henry Harrison while he was Governor of Indiana Territory, and gives for the first time the details of the struggle over the question of slavery in that Commonwealth.

"The Hidden Hand; or, Capitola, the Madcap," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. The publication of the old *Ledger* stories is becoming a craze, and they are appearing in various forms from different houses. "The Hidden Hand" is now issued in cloth in a single volume, and it makes a somewhat bulky one. This story was published three separate times in the *Ledger*, in a day when a weekly "story" paper was considered a luxury, and made the rounds of a good many different families. In addition to this it has been read aloud, and no doubt taken the form of oral narration at second hands. People who were listeners then, in a state of infant ignorance, may now in turn read it aloud to others who, if not in second childhood, may find listening less of a task than reading. For various reasons the success of the re-publication is something of which one may feel more certain than an ordinary prediction.

"Lava Fires," by Abram Lent Smith' comes from the same publishing house. It is made up of fugitive poems upon all manner of themes, many of them full of poetic inspiration. Among them is one entitled "Close to the Breast of a Leaf-Laden Tree," which is very pretty, although there are others in a lighter, brighter vein and a more tripping measure. The last half of the volume is taken up with the "Course of Life," in four parts, and "Kara Aly," in two cantos. There is a warm, sensuous atmosphere pervading many of these poems which accords with the title of the volume.

In the "Sunshine Series," issued by Cassell & Co., New York, comes "Antrepois," or "Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere," by James A. Harrison, author of "The Story of Greece," etc. Pamphlet, 50 cents.

Literary Notes.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey is translating the Duc de Broglie's "Marie Therese" into English.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce "A Handbook for Pilgrims," a small and pretty volume of selections of a religious character, adapted as a gift book for old and young.

Gen. Lew Wallace's new work, "Commodus; a Tragedy," will appear in *Harper's Magazine* early next year.

In a new edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," with Mary Hallock Foote's excellent illustrations, to be brought out soon, will be given a fine steel portrait of Hawthorne.

"Rev. Charles E. Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe," says the Boston *Traveller*, "will soon publish a life of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Kirk Monroe is associated with Mr. Stowe."

The Utica *Herald* says Mr. Alfred R. Conkling, a nephew of the late Roscoe Conkling, is now in Utica examining the letters and papers of his uncle for use in a biography which he intends to publish next year.

Sir Charles Dilke has nearly finished a new edition of his "Greater Britain," which is so expanded and rewritten as to be practically a fresh book. This also will have a section relating to the United States which will attract attention.

"The Viking," a dramatic romance of the North, of unusual spirit and power, by Elwin A. Barron, written in verse, is about to be published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Mr. Lawrence Barrett has been strongly impressed with the merits of the work, and has furnished a most flattering preface.

A new comparative edition of the Rubaiyat of Omer Khayyam will be issued soon by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The special interest of this edition consists in the fact that the first translation of these celebrated quatrains by Fitzgerald is printed in the same volume with the fourth edition which contained the latest revisions and additions by this wonderful translator.

The readers of the admirable sketch of Emma Lazarus, in the October number of the *Century*, will be interested to learn that a new edition of her poetical works is preparing at the Riverside Press, and will before long be brought out in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Following the article in October *Forum* by Prof. F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, on "How the Tariff Affects Wages," will appear in the November number an article by Representative W. C. P. Breckenridge, on "How the Tariff Affects Industry."

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote begins her series of "Pictures of the Far West" with a full-page design in the November *Century*, entitled "Looking for Camp." Miss Thomas has written a poem to accompany the picture.

Dr. George Brandes has under way two new books shortly to be issued by the Gyldendal publishing house at Copenhagen. The one treats of modern Russian and Polish literature, the other will probably be the concluding volume of his work tracing the "principal currents of the literature of the nineteenth century."

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, although still in her twenties, has a pleasant reputation by her published verses and stories for children. At the age of 7 she showed the bent of her mind by selecting Charles Lamb as her favorite author. Miss Guiney has a strong, intellectual face and a well developed forehead, from which the hair is combed straight up. As the hair is inclined to curl, the effect is not as unpicturesque as it might be under other circumstances.

A literary article that contains good criticism and not a little sharp writing is Mr. Andrew Lang's essay on the poetry of Robert Browning and his description of the "wild asses" who with the brainless ingenuity of silliness and the abominations of desolations of pedantry" organize Browning "Societies," which will appear in the November *Forum*.

THE GREAT KICKER.

A Lesson That Americans Must Learn—M. Quad Tells How.

I have met the railroad hog a great many times. I never meet him without making a kick. He is growing scarcer every day, and I sometimes flatter myself that I have contributed to drive him out. When I left Toledo for Cincinnati, the other day, the train was crowded, and people were standing up in every coach. In my car was a man occupying two seats. He had a bad looking head on him, and he cared so little for our rights that he did no look up from his book. There were five of us standing up, and I said to the group:

"Gentlemen, there are three seats for which we have paid. Let us take possession."

"He'll kick and raise a row."

"But we'll kick and raise a bigger one."

"Yes, but what's the use of quarreling with a hog?"

"It is just such men as you who have made him a hog. You have allowed him to impose on you until he has come to think he owns the railroad."

Not one of the four would move. I went to the other end of the car, where three women were crushed into one seat, picked up a 12-year-old boy near by and walked up to the hog and asked:

"Have you paid for four seats here?"

"That's my business!" he promptly replied.

"And mine and the public's"

I cleared the seat of his baggage, seated the woman and boy and then crawled in beside the hog. He made an awful row, but it was useless. He was left with what he had paid for and we got what our tickets called for. Let every passenger kick on the railroad hog, and he must go.

One day last spring there were ten ten of us at a hotel table in Nashville. The soup was scorched and no one could eat it. Not a potato brought to us was done. The milk for the coffee had turned. I invited the others to go to the office with me and kick. They were drummers every one, but not one would go. When people speak of drummers as kickers they are way off. They will put up with more and do less complaining than any other class of men on earth. In the present case one of them spoke for all when he said:

"Yes, things are bad enough to be righted, but we are here only for the one meal and it won't pay us to kick."

I went out alone. The landlord was in the office, and I asked:

"How long since were you in the dining room?"

"A week, I guess."

"You don't oversee the meals?"

"No."

"Well, please go to the head table and taste the milk, examine the potatoes and smell of the soup."

He departed at once. When he returned he was hopping mad. The head waiter was called out and dressed down, the head cook got nicely peeled, and the landlord shook my hand and said:

"That kick of yours will benefit this house $5,000. I had no idea things were running thus."

The natural inference with him was that as long as no one kicked everything must be going all right and everybody satisfied. A thousand men had no doubt gone away mad and injured his house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A French Scholar.

One of two ladies who have just returned from abroad relates an amusing anecdote at the expense of the other. They had been informed that if in Paris they spoke French the tradespeople would treat them more liberally and be less inclined to swindle them. Neither of them knew the language, but whenever they were out shopping together the one who tells this story proved better able to make herself understood by the clerks, and was consequently intrusted with the negotiations. Her companion, however, evidently wishing to impress the tradesmen with the idea that they were really French, persisted in saying in a half audible voice, despite all remonstrances of her companion:

"O Lizzie, liberte, fraternite, equalite!"—*Boston Courier.*

God gives every bird its food but does not throw it in the nest. There is food for reflection in the thought that Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla will purify the blood, thus ensuring good health, with which may come all blessings. $1 for 120 doses, of all druggists.

Salaries of the Cowboys.

The progress of civilization has had a remarkable influence on the wages of cowboys. Several years ago good men were paid $50 a month and board, and a new hand received from $35 to $40 a month. Now as the days for raising cattle on the extensive plan are drawing to a close the wages are less. Experienced cattlemen can command only from $30 to $40 a month, and new men from $25 to $30. Instead of the cattle being allowed to roam about they are now held in large pastures in Northwestern Texas, and this method promises to be adopted generally in the future.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

YOUR KNIFE AND FORK

WHY THEY ARE NO LONGER ENGLISH.

Mr, Maher Explains Why John Bull No Longer Makes Them—Free Traders, Attention!

Most of us find the lessons on the tariff rather hazy, because our teachers and orators deal with articles about which we have but a dim knowledge. When Mr. Blaine points a moral and adorns a speech by some crushing facts about steel rails, we see that the figures are convincing, but outside of railroad circles we do not realize the immense force of the story. We neither buy nor have steel rails given to us as marriage gifts. And when the orator on the other side taunts the tariff with adding to the cost of railroads, we are not sure but that he may have the best of that argument until we hear from our side again.

But there are certain things that the commonest man and woman buy and have bought, and follow intelligently when they are discussed because they are able, out of their own experience, to endorse or contradict the statements as they are made. One such item is table cutlery. Let us see what the tariff has done for this.

The young man who began to learn the hardware trade twenty-five years ago, if he began in a wholesale store in this city, would not have found a set of knives and forks on the shelves of American manufacture. Everything was English, and middle-aged people will remember the old style fork, made of iron and of three tines. Housewives will recall their trouble with broken forks and loose handles.

There were factories in the United States making table cutlery, but they asked more for their goods, and there was less margin in them to the jobber. The man who buys goods that he may sell again, taking a profit as they pass through his hands, has no sentiment about him whatever. He asks of different brands, "Which will sell the best; which pays the best?" and selects accordingly. As the English and American knives lay together the foreign goods showed the larger margin, and jobbers handled them. To-day, if you go through the hardware stores of Toledo you will scarcely find an English knife in stock, and the few that are kept are to supply a small constituency who buy the English because they know no better.

The cheapest knife and fork we bought in 1865, cost us $8 per gross in England. The knife was of low grade steel; the fork was cast iron. A medium grade cost $12 per gross having a wrought iron fork, and a good knife with steel fork cost $16 per gross. No American goods were made to correspond with the cheap English, and the bulk of trade is always in such grade. So when an American maker solicited the jobber's trade he was bowed out. This drove him to the retailer. The American fork, whether in low-priced goods or not, was steel. The American knife was steel, and the handles were fastened on in an improved way that charged them their value. They were of neater pattern than the English; they were packed in handsomer and more convenient for the trade.

The price quoted to the retailer did not look so high as it did to the jobber. There was complaint constantly of English goods; there might be an opening for something good. The goods went into the retail stores and sold. The retailer ordered again. The manufacturer, hearing so much said of low-priced goods, concluded he would get out something cheap, knowing it would help sell his regular goods. The orders were so large he made in larger lots, and at less cost, and as his trade grew larger he began to crowd out some of the foreign goods.

Salesmen from wholesale houses reported seeing American goods in so many places that jobbers were ready to listen when manufacturers called on them, and the orders given, though small were enough to attract the attention of the agents of English makers. The goods made their way so rapidly that the next season we were offered English knives and forks of "American patterns," and these served, for a while, to bring back the jobbing trade to foreign goods, but it was for a while only.

American workmen were doggedly persistent to get the trade. Each season they increased their patterns and reduced their prices, so that as their orders grew the English maker's were that much less. The trick did not please him and he made a gallant fight for his trade; he cut down prices, he copied American patterns; he stamped his forks "steel," and put American labels on his boxes. Yet in '72 the importations had ceased in the ordinary grades of goods, and these shelves were solid. Ball had once reigned triumphant, were in the possession of home made goods.

But did the reduction in prices then stop? Having driven foreign goods out, did American makers then proceed to suck the orange? Free traders tell us this is exactly the logical sequence of the tariff; it drives off the men who would sell us cheap, and leaves us to the mercy of the cold-blooded monopolist of an American manufacturer.

No; prices did not stand still. The American makers up to this time had unitedly fought for the home market against English manufacturers. When that fight was satisfactorily ended, they promptly proceeded to fight each other. That fight continued steadily until I have bought, within two years, a better knife at $3 a gross, of American manufacture, than I paid Englishmen $8 for in 1865. Did the American monopolist wax fat as he was doing this? Not much. The largest concern in the country failed in 1874 or 1875, the stockholder losing every dollar they put in, and creditors receiving but 13 cents on the dollar. A few years later the Beaver Falls factory closed down because the Economites were tired of making up a large deficiency every year. In the past five years another large factory was closed out under the hammer, and still another is hopelessly bankrupt and now in the hands of a receiver.

But while owners have lost their capital, workmen have received good wages, consumers have had goods at low prices, and the savings of the one and the wages of the other have been expended at home here where they have benefited every other industry and made a home market for our farmers.

That the tariff has created no monopoly goes without saying. If it had, the little shops that have sprung up in the West would never have been seen. But as it is, and as an indication of the way the West is crowding with manufactures. I may mention that we were drummed to-day by the representative of a table cutlery factory in Ottumwa, Iowa, and but a few days ago had seance with another talented salesman who hailed from a similar factory in Freeport, Ill., while one of the four largest concerns in the country is located in Chicago.

But the "markets of the world?" Thanks, beloved, I was almost forgetting that. We are sending our knives and forks abroad in competition with England, and if we had lines of steamers, subsidized by the government, as England, Germany and France have, giving us regular communication, we could have the "markets of the world" cheap cutlery.

What did the tariff do for this industry, then? It encouraged American capitalists to go into business; it protected them during a few years of infancy, and when they were strong they gave their American consumer his goods at less cost than foreign goods. Yet there are people who believe that the tariff is a tax that the consumer pays.

WM. H. MAHER.

GROWING GRAY.

A little more toward the light;
Me misereum. Here's one that's white;
And one that's turning;
Adieu to song and "salad days;"
My muse let's go at once to Bays's
And order mourning.

We must reform our rhymes, my dear;
Renounce the gay for the severe,
Be grave, not witty;
We have no muse the right to find
That Pyrrha's hair is neatly twined,
That Chloe's pretty.

Young Love's for us a farce that's played;
Light canzonet and serenade
No more may tempt us;
Gray hairs but ill accord with dreams.
From aught but sour didactic themes
Our years exempt us.

A la bonne heure! You fancy so?
You think for one white streak we grow
At once satiric?
A fiddlestick. Each hair's a string
To which our gray beard muse shall sing
A younger lyric.

Our heart's still sound. Shall "cakes and ale"
Grow rare to youth because we rail
At school-boy dishes?
Perish the thought. 'Tis ours to sing,
Though neither Time nor Tide can bring
Belief with wishes.

—*N. Y. World.*

A Man and a Banjo.

We know a young man in Swampoodle,
Who wanted to play "Yankee Doodle"
On a banjo he had,
But he couldn't, by gad.
For the people have ears in Swampoodle.
—*Washington Critic.*

—Do you suffer with catarrh? You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

A HUNDRED YEARS A HERO!

How Seth Warner Won a Wife and Became Famous.

Colonel Seth Warner, of Vermont, the famous hero of the Revolutionary war, was a leading fighter for the Hampshire grants.

These titles were disputed by the State of New York, and its authorities obtained an edict of the King of England in their favor. The settlers were stung by the supposed injustice. This state of things brought Colonel Seth Warner to the front. With Ethan Allen and others he actively opposed every effort of the New York state authorties to enforce possession, and finally he, with Allen and others, were outlawed and a price put on their head!

To circumvent New York, it was necessary that some one should go into that state and gain required information. Col. Warner, assuming for safety the name of "Dr. Howard," undertook this perilous and romantic journey.

While on his way home he stopped at a country inn, where an old gentleman and daughter wore storm-bound. The father fell ill, and the daughter called upon Col. Warner, who, with his wide knowledge of simple remedies, successfully treated the "old man," and he finally won this devoted woman for a wife.

Such incidents were not uncommon in those years. When the doctor was not easily reached, months of sickness, and even life were often saved by some unprofessional friend versed in the use of simple herbs and roots. The health of early settlers and their powers of endurance convince us that such medicines did only good and left no poison in the blood to work as much injury to the system as would the disease itself.

In time of peace the colonel was in constant demand for his knowledge of simple remedies and their power over disease. But it was left to another of his name of the present age to give to the public what was then used with such positive success.

Warner for over a hundred years has shared with Ethan Allen the adulration of the American people.

Colonel Seth Warner belongs to a family of wide distinction; no less than eight members thereof won fame in the regular practice of medicine.

Looking to the adoption by the people of this generation of the old time simple remedies, his direct descendent, H. H. Warner, the well known proprietor of Warner's safe cure, for many years has been experimenting with old time roots and herbs formulæ, and his search having been finally rewarded with success, he gives the world the result. These recipes and formulæ in other days accomplished great things because they were purely vegetable and combined simply so as to cure the disease indicated, without injury to the system. In harmony with their old time character, we learn that he proposed to call them Warner's Log Cabin remedies, using as a trade-mark an old-fashioned American log cabin. We understand that he intends to put forth a "sarsaparilla" for the blood, the sarsaparilla itself being but one of a number of his simple and effective elements; "Log Cabin hops and buchu," a general stomach tonic and invigorator; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic;" a preparation for that universal disease catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream;" "Warner's Log Cabin plasters," and "Warner's Log Cabin liver pills," which are to be used in connection with the other remedies, or independently as required.

Warner's safe remedies are already standards of the most pronounced scientific value in alt parts of the world, and we have no doubt the Log Cabin remedies, for the diseases they are intended to cure, will be of equal merit, for Mr. Warner has the reputation of connecting his name with no preparation that is not meritorious.

Wealth Not Distributed So Freely.

One day this week a middle aged man with a cheerfully Hibernian cast of countenance, entered the Bank of the Commonwealth on Devonshire street and marched up to one of the windows marked "paying teller."

"Is this the Bank of the Commonwealth?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Thin, wud ye plase give me sivinty-sivin cints for to buy a ticket to Milford?"

"Give you seventy-seven cents? Why, we can't do that."

"Can't do it, is it? An' shure, aren't this the Bank of the Commonwealth?"

"Of course it is."

"Then give me the sivinty-sivin cints!" exclaimed the customer, raising his voice a little. "Sure, I'm a citizen of the Commonwealth, and I'm undher the necissity of going to Milford, and I haven't a cint."

The man appealed from the decision of the teller to the cashier and would have appealed from his to that of the president if he could have got at that functionary.

Perhaps he had been reading "Looking Backward!"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Workman and the Parrot.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot's hooked beak was full of crumbs from a moldy cracker that he was chewing yesterday, but he nevertheless was able to scream with his usual harsh accent his daily remark:

"The tariff is a tax."

Just then a package done up in brown paper was tossed defiantly in the air as if it were a bat at a Harrison and Morton meeting, and dextrously caught on the fly by the man who threw it. The parrot followed it with a stony British stare as it passed the perch, was up and down.

"That's a suit of clothes, old bird," shouted the workman who had tossed up the package. "It cost me $10. Mr. Mills said I would have to work for twenty days at $1 a day to get a $10 suit of clothes, because it would cost $20. But Mr. McKinley's friend Williams got a woolen suit at the Congressman Morse's Boston store for $10, and I have got this one at a New York store for $10. I got one just like it in 1860 for $14, when there was a low tariff and my wages were $1 a day. I make $2 a day now. It took fourteen days' work to buy it then and five days' work to buy it now. No English workman can get as good a suit of clothes for five days' work. How's that?"

And the parrot, looking with a yearning expression at a piece of cracker that had fallen to the sidewalk, only said, "The tariff is a tax."

A Child of Ten Goes Through the War.

The claim of having been the youngest soldier enlisted in the late war is set up by F. V. Randall, jr., now of Glen Falls. His father, Col. F. V. Randall, who went out as a captain of Company B, Second Vermont Volunteers, took him along as drummer, and he was regularly enlisted. He was afterward discharged, but re-enlistered in the Thirteenth Vermont and was afterward transferred to the Seventeenth Vermont. He was wounded at Gettysburg and draws a pension on account of the wound. As will be seen he was barely ten years of age on his entering into the service. He stayed until the war was ended, and took part in the grand review at Washington at the end of the war.

The Deadly Amateur Club.

Visitor—Pleasant little village this.

Native—Yes, sir, and one of the liveliest places in the country.

V.—I was thinking of moving here with my family——

N.—You couldn't do better. We're a go-aheadative, public spirited community. We have an amateur dramatic club——

V.—An amateur dramatic club?

N.—Yes, sir, and——

But the visitor is in full retreat from the village and already out of hearing.—*Boston Courier.*

Trying to Soothe the Burned Toast.

Diner—Waiter, have you any vaseline about the place?

Waiter—No, sah; but I kin obtain some, sah, from de trug stoh nex' do'.

Diner—Well, here's five cents. Get as much as you can for that and spread it carefully over that piece of toast. The poor thing is burned so terribly that I'm sure it must be suffering dreadfully.—*Jewish Tidings.*

Very Significant.

"What is George's last name, Effie?" asked the little sister one morning at the breakfast table.

"Simpson, dear," said Effie, with a becoming blush. "What makes you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said the little sister, carelessly. "Only I was listening outside the parlor door when he was here last night, and I thought from what I heard you say to him all the time that it might be Doan't."—*Somerville Journal.*

A Stroke of Luck.

Mr. Bornlucky—Ah, congratulate me, Googles, I've won a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Googles—By doggy, old man, you don't say so, how much?

Mr. Bornlucky—Twelve dollars.

Googles—What did it cost you?

Mr. Bornlucky—Thirty dollars.—*Time.*

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Newly furnished, Brush electric lights, steam heating. The only Sanitarium East of the Rocky Mountains in which *Mud Baths* are given. Send for circulars.

JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Sup't,
Green Spring, Ohio.

A MECHANIC'S FILE.

ITS HISTORY UNDER THE TARIFF

Mr. W. H. Maher Gives Some Facts that are Worth Careful Consideration—File Users, Attention!

There is scarcely any one tool that is so generally met with as a file. The crippled wood-sawyer who comes to cut your wood, depends upon his file to keep his poor old saw in order. It is found in the chest of the carpenter; it is the right hand of the machinist. The little stave factory in the woods and the magnificent locomotive works alike depend upon a file to do their work and keep their tools in order. The village blacksmith could do nothing without his rasp, and a cabinet-maker depends on his file as an engine depends on steam.

So universally is the tool used, and so constantly are mechanics and manufacturers purchasing, that the prices are well known and a brief glance at the history of American files may be of interest at this time, when men are discussing the effect the tariff has had on the cost of goods. I have been connected with the file trade for nearly 25 years, simply as a middle man; buying such goods as would sell easiest and were most in demand. I made a bill to-day of a certain size of cross-cut file at $1.44 per dozen. I then turned back to the sales book of 1866 and discovered that the price charged then for the same size was $6.50 per dozen. This is a decline in price calculated to make one's eyes open.

In 1866 almost every file in stock and in use was of English manufacture—the two leading brands being W. & S. Butcher, and Moss & Gamble. All files at that date were cut by hand. Machines for cutting had been patented and an immense factory built at Boston to manufacture by machinery, but the goods proved worthless; failure overtook the concern, and for several years the country was flooded with the bankrupt stock, that was given away with difficulty. There was a heavy duty on files, for it was desirable that they should be made here, and small factories were springing up all over the land, where hand-cut files were made.

Notwithstanding the Boston failure, American mechanics were not content to give up the cutting of files by machinery, and between 1866 and 1870 factories were established at Providence, R. I., Middleton, N. Y., Beaver Falls and Philadelphia. These makers put their goods on the market on their merits, cutting under the English price, and warranting their work.

These factories were owned by monopolists; free traders say all manufacturers under a tariff are monopolists. Let us see how these men bled mechanics by their monopoly. They had the English file to compete with; it was of established reputation; it had in its favor centuries of prejudice that said no good files could be made by machinery; and the English makers claimed they were making but little profit. The American monopolist first squeezed American mechanics under our iniquitous tariff by compelling the English makers to reduce their prices ten per cent., and those of us who had begun to buy the American goods were fearful that we had made a mistake. But Brother Jonathan came up smiling with another cut under John Bull, and John Bull met it sullenly. This game, of exceeding interest to every mechanic, kept on until not a hardware store of the country had an English file on its shelves.

Then these monopolists proceeded to do what has been done in every other line of goods: To cut under each other, and that the "monopoly" might continue strong new factories sprang up in the West and North, and prices kept tumbling down. Each new maker, in his desire to establish his own brand, was obliged to offer inducements to the dealer to leave an old favorite and handle the new goods. But when the older manufacturer heard of this he promptly met the reduction, and what was intended to be a special offer to a few houses became the general selling price to all. This probably was not fun for the manufacturers, but I have no recollection of ever hearing a consumer object to it.

A few years ago a file factory was started in Saginaw, Mich. The trade of northern Michigan, because of the immense sawing done, is very large. The home file was offered to Michigan men at the same price as the Eastern file. The disposition on the part of consumers was to give the home file the preference, and the Eastern makers saw their orders decrease. They did not propose to permit this, so cut the price, in hopes of driving the new concern out of the field. The result of this cut was an immediate saving of about $500 per day to consumers of files, and the cutting has been going on from that day to this.

So then in about 20 years, under our tariff laws, we have seen files reduced in cost from $6.50 per dozen to $1.44! Has this been done by grinding down the wages of American file-cutters? Tables furnished of prices paid English workmen and those paid American show that prices here are 30 per cent. higher than in England, notwithstanding the unceasing grinding going on among manufacturers to get advantage of each other. Thirty per cent. is not a large figure, yet the man who gets $38 per month is a long ways under him who has $50, and this difference may be the exact difference between comfortable living and not having enough to eat or to wear.

But can I make a comparison with 1866 with which to make comparison with 1888? Lest the reader might think so, let me go still farther back, to those "blessed" days of "tariff for revenue only," whose return is so devoutly prayed for now by certain ones amongst us. Surely, if the tariff adds to the cost of goods just so much as the tariff itself is, then the prices ought to be what it was in the 50's, and the tariff added. But what are the facts? There are invoices in Toledo dated 1854 of English files bought from the importer March 1st of that year. In these a file is charged at the rate of $2.20 per dozen that could be bought to-day for $1; 66 cents for that which now sells for 39 cents; $4.28 for the size that to-day costs $2.40.

But perhaps 1854 was a bad year? Very well, let us come down to those good old days when Buchanan was dealing out civil service reform, 1859. The books show that we paid $3.38 per dozen then for a file that to-day cost $1.96; $3.06 for what now costs but $1.80, and so on. So that our tariff laws have done for files what they have done for every other article in the list of American manufactures—cheapened the cost of consumers, and kept our money at home to develop our own country.

Of what consequence is file-making to the country generally? It is using annually about 4,000 tons of steel; gives employment to 2,000 workmen; spreads among American retail merchants yearly wages of $800,000, and turns out manufactured goods of the value of two million dollars. But the "markets of the world?" Yes, verily. The "markets of the world" is an expression that drops from the lips of the free trader as if it was the open sesame to an unanswerable argument to which he alone had the combination. What part of the "world" should we supply? The African? The Hindoo? We have what is the "world" to us when we have the United States, but lest my free trade friend shall be unduly elated, let me inform him that we do sell the "world" to the extent that we export files to Canada and have a large trade with Australia; our files are as cheap as the English, and are better made.

The history of files is also the history of a multitude of other tools, as every mechanic's experience teaches him, and the story is always the same. A protective tariff led to the building of American factories, and competition between these factories for trade reduced the price of goods to consumers.

WM. H. MAHER.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
For Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

A Good Idea.

The author was weeping.

"Whence these tears, old fellow?" inquired his dearest friend.

The cold, heartless crowd laughed. George, actually laughed at my tragedy. It broke my heart."

"Well, never mind, old boy. Send the MSS. over to Schnitzenberg and ask him to write some music for it and put it on as a comic opera. I'll bet they won't laugh at it then."—*Sun.*

Raising the Wind.

Simpson—Tell me, Dudie, why a skipper sailing with the breeze 'gainst him is like a loafer when he wants a large glass of beer?

Dudie—Don't know, really.

Simpson—Why, that's easy enough. He has to beat to raise the wind for his schooner.—*Ocean.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 66 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

Comrades, will you kindly read the offer made in the first column of the fourth page of this issue, headed "Only Ten Cents?" We ask you all to do your best to extend the circulation of the BLADE, the organ of the men who carried the muskets in 1861-65.

A COMRADE'S GREETING.

Composed and recited by C. C. Duff, late of the 35th N. Y. Vols., at the second reunion of that regiment, held in Watertown, N. Y., upon the 26th anniversary of the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1888.

Comrades, we are here again,
Loyal and true as steel,
To memories undying, that never wane,
And to our country's common weal.

And we meet with royal cheer,
Proud of the part we bore,
To save the flag our hearts revere,
In the battles done and conflicts o'er.

And in fealty we yield to none,
To the flag that stood the test
Of the mightiest war on earth, and won,
Grandly victorious, at our behest.

For beneath its starry folds,
In that long and dreadful strife,
We stood with a million loyal souls
To guard its honor and protect its life.

Till within our hearts there grew
A sentiment of love,
Heroic, loyal, fraternal, true,
And as fixed as the stars above.

And we're here again, by the grace of God,
With that flag of triumphant sway.
That led in that fearful carnage of blood,
Twenty-six years ago to-day.

But a handful left of us only are here,
That sniffed Antietam's awful breath,
For the most have crossed the pontoon pier
That spans the river of Death.

And they've joined that mighty host
That have passed in final review,
The shadows beyond the last picket-post,
To the great Silent Army of Blue.

Thither we're drifting year after year,
Ever anon to that shadowy shore,
And soon the last roll will echo "Not here,"
But missing forevermore.

For all along the line,
In the quarter of a century past,
Has answered to the countersign,
The Death Angel's bugle blast.

And havoc has been made,
And our ranks been sorely pressed,
And we're not the same fresh, grand brigade
We were then at our best.

For, comrades, we're growing old,
And faster, swifter, every year
We're drifting into death's fold,
And the end we're warned is near.

But faithful till the last,
To the memories that are entwined
We'll guard the lustre of the past
That's in our hearts enshrined.

That lustre is the way we stood
Side by side with bated breath.
In sickness, in prison, in the carnage of blood,
And in the very face and jaws of Death!

Ah! 'tis the touchstone of that past
Comes flashing down the trackless way,
That thrills our hearts to the very last,
And lifts to the hights sublime to-day.

Till wakes that noble passion of the soul,
Born of devotion's deathless love,
That falters nor yields till beyond the goal,
The issue's resigned to the Captain above.

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

Comparing the War Records of Cleveland and Harrison—The Duty of Soldiers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—If the comrades will shove over a little and make room for me, I will chat a while with them and as I have no rail to bring, I will ask them to come with me and enjoy the fine climate of the Pacific coast. And as we stroll along the beach we talk of the beauties of the land and sea and of the ever blooming flowers which lay in great varieties before us as we stroll along, we ask each other which of the two is our friend and our country's protector; Ben Harrison or Grover Cleveland?

Ben Harrison, who at the call of his country, stepped into ranks with us and shared the same rations, marches and hardships that we had to endure through four long years of war. His heart was full of love for his country and his soldiers and he never faltered but helped to bear us on to victory. One who was among us in the camp or on the field of battle, one beloved by all his comrades and by the boys.

Now on the other hand we have Grover Cleveland (or as he is better known as Veto Grover). Let's see how his record will compare. His first appearance will be by substitute, viz, Mr. Brinskie. This is his war record. Next of importance he appears as President of the United States. Then he commences a war on the Union soldiers by denouncing them as "coffee coolers," "camp followers," and "shirks," etc., and by signing the Mexican pension bill and vetoing the dependent pension bill, the one he signed giving hundreds of rebel soldiers pensions, and the one he vetoed gave to dependent Union soldiers. Then we see the call for the return of the capt

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

The attention of all readers of the QUESTION BUREAU is called to the offer made in the first column of the fourth page of this issue, headed "Only Ten Cents." We ask you all to use your efforts to send us new subscribers under it.

Wool and Lumber.

417—C. S., Ann Arbor, Mich.:

1. What is the total production of wool in the United States? 2. What is the lumber production?

The total production of wool in 1887 was 285,000,000 pounds. Of this Texas produced 14,000 pounds, or about one-twentieth. The whole South only produced 27,000,000 pounds, or about one-tenth the amount produced in the North. All the sheep in Texas are owned by a few thousand persons. The total vote of no account in a state of 100,000 Democratic majority. There are 40,000 flock owners in Ohio alone. Ohio produces as much wool as all the Southern States combined.

According to the census report for 1880, of North America, the total production of lumber is shown to be of the value of $233,268,729, of which Georgia produced $4,875,910, or about 2 per cent. The value of the production of some of the Northern states is given in the same year as follows:

Indiana	$14,260,830
Michigan	52,440,928
New York	11,580,010
Ohio	13,364,460
Pennsylvania	22,457,359
Wisconsin	17,952,347

Georgia ranks twelfth in the list of lumber producing states.

Government Bonds.

418—Subscriber, Clarksburg, Mo.:

1. Did the Federal authorities ever refuse to exchange prisoners with the Confederates, and if so, for what reason? 2. Is it true, as claimed by the Union Labor party here, that the government has the legal authority to pay off the bonds at any time?

1. Instances of a refusal were very rare usually the refusal was on the Confederate side. Prisoners were exchanged as rapidly as the exigencies of those deplorable times would permit. 2. The government made certain loans maturing at different periods, upon which the holders of bonds are drawing interest. It is not reasonable to suppose that these creditors will accept a cancellation of the debt and thus lose the interest any more than a private individual would cancel a long time mortgage drawing satisfactory interest. The government could pay its debts before due by paying a premium to the creditors equal to the amount of interest up to the time of maturity. This policy would hardly give general satisfaction, although bonds are being redeemed at a premium.

The Vote for Lincoln.

419—G. H., Adrian, O.:

1. How many votes did Lincoln get from the soldiers in 1864? and how many did McClellan get? 2. How many soldiers did Missouri furnish during the rebellion? 3. What had the W. C. T. U. to do to bring about Prohibition in Kansas and Iowa?

1. The popular vote for Lincoln was 2,216,-067; for McClellan, 1,808,726. It is safe to estimate that, with few exceptions, the loyal Union soldiers voted for Lincoln, while those sympathizing with the Southern principles supported McClellan. An exact count of the soldier vote is not obtainable. 2. White troops, 109,111; colored, 8,344. The sum of $1,282,-for 11 years is paid to Missouri soldiers in bounties. 3. The efforts of the W. C. T. U. to impress upon the people the importance of reducing the rum traffic, had a marked effect in shaping the course of the popular vote upon the Prohibition constitutional amendments.

Confederate Free Trade.

420—F. M. C., Elk City, Ore.:

Was not free trade adopted in the Confederate constitution, and does not the Cleveland administration propose to carry out the same policy now? Please publish that part of the Confederate constitution for the benefit of your numerous readers.

The Cleveland administration is following in direct line with the free trade doctrines of the early Democratic leaders. The Confederate constitution differed from the Union constitution by a few omissions and amendments. The sections as follows: "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports and excise, for revenue necessary to pay the debts, provide for common defense and carry on the government of the Confederate States; but no bounties shall be granted from the treasury nor shall any duties nor taxes on importations from foreign nations, be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry; and all duties, imports and excises shall be uniform throughout the Confederate States."

The Electoral Commission.

421.—Subscriber.

1. What was the number of Republican and Democratic senators and the number of Republicans and Democratic representatives that voted for and against the Electoral commission created to settle the disputes of the Hayes and Tilden contest in 1876? Name some of the leading members, both Democratic and Republican, that opposed and upheld it, and by whom was the bill drawn.

The Electoral commission was created by an act of congress, approved January 29, 1877, for the purpose of ascertaining and counting the votes for President and Vice-President of the United States. The commission consisted of fifteen members, as follows: Senators, George F. Edmunds, Oliver P. Morton, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, James A. Garfield, George F. Hoar, William Strong, Samuel F. Miller, and Joseph P. Bradley. The Democratic members were Thomas F. Bayard, Allen G. Thurman, substitute on account of Mr. Thurman's illness, Francis Kernan, Henry B. Payne, Eppa Hunton, Josiah G. Abbott, Nathan Clifford and Stephen G. Field. The Hayes electors were accepted by a vote of 8 to 7, being a strictly party vote. The House voted to reject, the Senate to accept, the finding of the commission, and a concurrent vote being required to reject, the decision was enforced and Hayes became President.

Calhoun and Dallas.

422—P. L. T., Pittsfield, Ill.:

1. Will you explain the cause of the financial panic of 1873. 2. Was Calhoun a protectionist? 3. Was George M. Dallas a protectionist when elected Vice-President? 4. What was the nature of the Louisiana frauds?

1. A loss of confidence by the people owing to a depression in financial circles. 2. Mr. Calhoun originally preferred protection, but he had come to the conclusion that manufactories could not be established in the planting states of the South; that free labor and slave labor could not be made to harmonize, and that the example of free labor would breed discontent among the negroes and ultimately undermine and overturn slavery. 3. Although Mr. Dallas had been understood to be a protectionist when elected Vice-President, the Senate being divided on the free trade tariff of 1846, it became a law by his casting his vote in its favor. 4. An election riot growing out of two rival governors claiming recognition.

The Dollar a Day Story.

423—A. D. Miller, Carro Gordo, Ill.:

I want information in regard to the offer of $2,000 to anybody who can prove the dollar a day story in General Harrison. The Democrats are trying to prove that it was proven on him last week, and admitted it was so. There was a challenge made to me to bet $50 and my fare paid to Indianapolis by myself in behalf of the fact. If so, please answer through your paper.

You can safely take all such bets. The story has been exposed beyond question by prominent gentlemen, as a malicious campaign lie without the least foundation. General Harrison has always been a sympathizer with the laboring element, and has sought to improve their condition. His election means a perpetuation of our home industries and protection to all classes of labor.

Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

424.—A. V. Sharpe, Vilas, Kan.:

1. In what kind of weather is the air the heaviest? 2. Give origin of Thanksgiving Day, and why kept.

1. Damp weather. 2. The harvest having been abundant at Plymouth, a festival of Thanksgiving was appointed and held. Massasoit and some of his followers joined in the occasion by invitation of the Pilgrims. Half of the company had died since the landing, but the hope of a good home in the New World was strong in the remainder. Three days were occupied with the festivities, and since that time, November, 1621, the custom has been kept up annually.

The Missouri Falls.

425.—J. S. B., Wolfsburg, Pa.:

1. Kindly inform us whether there are any settlements at the falls of the upper Missouri river? Are the falls utilized for water power? 2. How does the United States manage the Hot Springs, Ark. Has the government erected any building on the reserve and for what purpose?

There are several settlements along the banks of the Missouri river adjacent to the falls, but none of importance. About 400 miles from its source the river passes through a narrow gorge of remarkable beauty, "The Rocky Mountains." It is 5¼ miles long, and the perpendicular walls of rock rise directly from the water to the height of 1,200 feet. The great falls are 145 miles below this point. They are among the grandest on the continent and consist of four cataracts. The whole fall in 16¼ miles is 375 feet. 2. The Hot Springs of Arkansas are not under government management.

The Liquor Traffic—Voters.

426—A Voter, Maine, Minn.:

1. Is there more sugar manufactured in California than all the Southern states? 2. The Prohibitionists tell us that there are $900,000,000 worth of liquor drank annually? 3. What per cent of the population of the United States are voters and what per cent are women?

1. It is not probable. The sugar product of Louisiana alone in 1886 was 145,968 hogshead. 2. The consumption of liquors in the United States in 1886, the latest statistics, was as follows: Total spirits consumed, domestic and imported, 76,394,418 gallons; wines 3,-605,156 gallons; domestic malt liquors, 612,-280,328 gallons; imported malt liquors, 2,220,-088 gallons; total beer, ale, etc., consumed, 614,500,408 gallons, or 12.1 gallons per capita. In 1885 the grand total of liquors consumed was 687,614,178 gallons. The value of imported liquors for 1887 was $10,190,946. Internal revenue receipts on domestic spirits, 1887, were $1,258,570,643; fermented liquors, $247,-945,599. 3. The [illegible] voting population in 1880 was 11,343,[illegible]. Of these 8,270,518, were native born; 3,072,487 foreign born, and 1,487,344 colored. The population of women was 24,475,840. The total population, 50,155,-783.

The Leap Year Problem.

427—In computing the loss of time necessary to define the occurrence of leap years last week under the rule that every year devisible by four is a leap year, the QUESTION BUREAU neglected to take into consideration the fact of 1900 being a centennial year. C. H. McM., of Hutchinson, Kan., sends a correct solution of the problem. He writes: "My understanding is that every year divisible by 4 is a leap year, except the centennial years, and every centennial year that is devisible by 400 is a leap year. The solar year is exactly 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49.7 seconds. Therefore in adding a day every four years, we lose 44 minutes and 41.2 seconds. In 100 years we lose 18 hours, 2.0 minutes and 5.5 seconds. So in the 100th year we have lost nearly a day, and we call it a day lost, and it is a common year, but it lacks nearly six hours of losing a day every 100 years. So in 400 years it will have gained that day back. Therefore the year 1600 was a leap year, 1700, 1800 and 1900 are common years, and 2000 will be a leap year.

The Fishery Trouble.

428—C. M. P., Spokane, W. T.:

What is the cause of the fishery troubles in Nova Scotia, and what is the meaning of a reciprocity treaty?

Nova Scotia, in its efforts to impede the labors of the American fishermen, set up the claim that the Gut of Canso, the narrow passage between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, being in parts less than three miles wide, was inland water and could not be navigated by American fishermen lawfully. This matter was referred 40 years ago to the law officers of the British crown, who forthwith decided that the treaty of 1818 did not concede any right of navigation or use of the Gut of Canso to American fishermen. Nova Scotia redoubled its efforts to procure from Great Britain the formal assertion of its claim to close the Gut of Canso to American fishermen. The local legislature between 1847 and 1851 repeatedly passed memorials demanding the exclusion of the fishermen from this passage, which the United States had long kept open connecting open seas and navigable as such without treaty stipulations to that effect. Great Britain, without specifically enforcing its claim, never specifically recognized freedom of navigation of the Gut of Canso until the negotiation of the fishery treaty just rejected by the United States Senate.

About 1851 the British colonies took steps to secure concerted action against American fishermen. To this end a memorable meeting of representatives of the governments of Canada and Nova Scotia was held at Toronto, which became known as the Toronto Convention. At this convention it was decided that Canada should co-operate with Nova Scotia in establishing a fishery protection fleet, and Great Britain was prevailed upon to send a naval force to co-operate. During these proceedings intimations freely from both the provinces and Great Britain, that freedom of fishing would be given for reciprocity of trade between the United States and the provinces. The United States turned a deaf ear at first to these hints and sent war vessels of its own to cruise on the banks for the protection of American fishermen. In 1854 Lord Elgin, then governor general of Canada, took the bull by the horns and proceeded personally to Washington to attempt the negotiation of a treaty of reciprocity. He succeeded, and the reciprocity treaty of that year was the result. The treaty was hailed at that time as a satisfactory solution of a troublous question, but it is suggestive of the difficulty of satisfying everybody that certain English organs accused his lordship of conceding too much. It was said in Washington that Lord Elgin used champagne to still the troubled waters. The negotiation of this treaty, which virtually gave our fishermen a freedom like to that they had enjoyed under the treaty of 1783, put an end to 17 years or more to the contest which the United States had maintained against England's interpretation of the treaty of 1818, and the still more serious international question which the Colonial legislature tried to put in force. The United States asserted during that long controversy, as it asserts to-day, that the treaty between it and Great Britain was not subject to the legislation of the colonies, legislation designed to override every interpretation of the treaty of 1818 which was in any way favorable to the American fishermen. Daniel Webster, in one of his most exhaustive state papers, asserted the exemption of treaty stipulations from the construction of colonial legislation.

Miscellaneous.

429—J. B. W., Bryan, Tex.:

Is there a colored department to the U. S. naval and military academies?

No, not a separate department. There is no bar to the admission of colored youth to the regular classes.

H. C. B., Butternut, Wis.: Your questions should have been addressed to the FARM. We have handed them to the editor of that department.

430—J. L. W., Enfield, Ill.:

Send your request to Chairman Barnum of the National Democratic committee at New York, and it will be granted.

431—H. A. M., Webster City, Iowa:

1. Was St. John paid by the Democrats in 1884 for running for President on the Prohibition ticket, and if so how much? 2. Is there such an organization as the Saloonkeepers' Republican club of St. Louis? And did they recently contribute $2,000 to the campaign fund? 3. Why is it that the Republican party, claiming to be a temperance party, advocates taking the tax off whisky?

1. It was so asserted. 2. Not to our knowledge. 3. Taking the internal revenue tax off whisky is argued by the Prohibition party because it makes the government a partner in the business, they oppose.

432—W. M. C., Mohawk, Tenn.:

1. Democrats here say that granulated sugar is manufactured in the United States, shipped to England, and sold for 4 cents per pound. Is this correct? 2. There some Democrats say that in some of the northern states the Republicans force the poor people to vote the Republican ticket. Is this not a Democratic lie?

1. Not true. 2. It is a lie.

433—Chas. J. Hendrick, Knotts Mill, S. C.:

Is the following statement in a South Carolina, Lexington county, paper true? "Russia is the highest tariff protected country in the world, and her laborers receive the smallest wages. The Russian laborer is not allowed to walk on the sidewalk, but must walk out in the street. The wages of the laboring man is higher in free trade England than they are in high protection Germany."

The statement is not true.

434.—I see in President Cleveland's letter of acceptance the statement that there now remains in the treasury a surplus of more than $130,000,000. In his message to Congress in December, 1883, President Arthur called attention to the national surplus of $132,879,444.21. If these figures are correct, it would show very little or no increase in the surplus in the last four years.

President Arthur's figures are correct. After quoting them, however, continuing he states that the above amount, drawn from a cash balance in the treasury, $1,299,312,55, making $134,174,756.96, was applied to the liquidation of public indebtedness, etc. Thus using up a surplus nearly as large as the present surplus.

435—H. H. D., Trussville, Ala.:

1. Have we ever had a Roman Catholic for President of the United States? 2. Does being a Roman Catholic disqualify a person from becoming President of the United States?

1. Not that we know of. 2. No.

436—C. S., Pomona, Cal.: On investigation the statement is found to be untrue relative to Chinese voting.

437—H. M. E., Forrest City, Ark.: M. S. Quay, New York city, is chairman of the Republican national committee, and W. S. Cappeler is chairman of the Ohio state central committee at Columbus.

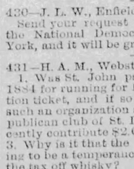
438—J. B. J., Belle Center, O.:

1. What is the total money received annually by the government from the protective tariff? 2. What were the total receipts and expenses of the Postoffice department last year? 3. Can you give the entire salaries of the civil service officers, at least an estimate?

1. The receipts for 1887 were as follows: Customs, $6,858,377,676; internal revenue, $3,568,289,457. 2. Revenues of the department were $48,837,609; expenditures, $52,-391,677. 3. Four civil service commissioners receive $3,500 a year each, and one $1,000.

439—J. D. L., Lansing, Mich.:

We do not answer questions in Greek.



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

440—W. C. S., Bellaire, O.:

Write to the superintendent of state normal school for the desired information.

441—W. B. R., Belgrade, Mo.:

Neither of the political parties believe in repudiating our national obligations, and maintain that our credit must be sustained at all times.

442—W. H. B., Wakeland, Ind.:

Your favor received. The song may be published later in the campaign.

443—Mrs. A. F., Washington, Kan.:

The order you refer to was issued. Your claim would now be outlawed.

444—J. D. L. M., Wilson, Kan.:

We cannot spare the space for what you desire. Any almanac of statistics will tell you.

445—Constant Reader, Republic, O.:

It would be almost impossible to give a complete list of all the trust companies in the United States, and the capital controlled by each.

446—C. L. S., Springfield, Mo.:

Write to the London *Times*, London, Eng., for a copy of that paper containing Gladstone's speech.

447—Harry Evans, Bristol:

Get a pair of Indian clubs, or heavy dumbbells.

J. S. B., Marklo, Pa.:

Did the Republican party come before the people with a promise to reduce the tariff 20 per cent., in a National platform, and fail to fulfill their promise?

They promised to reduce the tariff by preserving the protective principle.

448—C. C. S., Deadwood, D. T.:

It was not strictly a party vote.

449—R. H. W., Mineral Ridge:

Your brother should write to John Roache's ship building concern, Chester, Pa.

450—E. H. G., Peteraiurg, Ill.:

The BLADE has already published the number of pensions issued. A majority of our readers are familiar with the question.

451—D. O. West Newton, Pa.:

The votes were not counted, and several illegal voters were imprisoned.

452—C. M. Parks, Washington, D. C.:

Your question relative to fisheries will be answered in detail later.

453—J. H. Woodland, Ill.:

Desires the names of some southern Democratic newspapers in sympathy with the rebels. Charleston *News and Courier*, Memphis *Avalanche* and Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

454—C. C. H., Oelwin, Iowa.:

A majority of the appropriations for public buildings made during this administration were for the Southern states.

455.—H. L. M., Spring Valley, Minn.:

How many United States courts are there? How many judges in each and the names of judges?

The Supreme court of the United States, nine judicial districts of the Circuit court, United States court of Claims, Supreme court of the District of Columbia, United States District courts in every state and territory. We cannot publish a list of judges, as our space is too valuable.

455.—Wm. T., Bristol Springs, N. Y.:

Is the iron from which horseshoe nails are made mined in this country? If not, what duty do we pay on it?

Yes.

457.—F. A. B., Benedict, Neb.:

Can a person manufacture for his own use any patented article?

No, not without rendering himself liable to penalty for infringement.

458—P. D. L., Burlington, Kan.:

You can get a description of the public lands open for settlement by addressing the acting commissioner of public lands, Washington, D. C.

459—Levi J. S., Creal Spring, Ill.:

Your questions have been thoroughly discussed in the BLADE.

460—Mrs. M. M., Bloomfield, Mo.:

1. When was the Illinois and Michigan canal opened? 2. What was Governor Foraker's action relative to the rebel flags?

1. In 1771. 2. He applied to the courts for an injunction restraining the President from returning the flags.

461—E. E. P., Shelby, Mich.:

The Baker bill is too long for publication. Our space is limited.

462—Constant Reader, Hall, Pa.:

1. What is the amount of manufactured leather imported into the United States per year? 2. Amount of sheep raised in the United States with amount of wool clip? 3. Where can I get tariff documents?

1. The total imports of leather manufactures were valued at $10,933,570; duties, $3,286,-862. 2. Wool produced in 1886, latest statistics, 285,800,000 pounds. Sheep statistics uncertain. 3. The chairman of the Republican county central committee in your district.

463—R. G. Kessler, Collyer, Kan.:

The enclosed statement is evidently an advertisement from a Washington law firm seeking for business. It has no political significance.

464—J. A. Norris:

1. Have the Republicans in their State platforms pledged themselves to prohibition in Maine, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas and recently Massachusetts? 2. Have the Democrats in their state platforms in the above named states pronounced against prohibition? 3. Is there any compilation of the state platforms of the different parties for the past 6 or 8 years and where can it be had?

1. They favor proper restrictions on the liquor traffic; 2. No; 3. Not that we are aware of.

465—E. E. Stewart:

No answers by mail. Will give your request consideration in the QUESTION BUREAU next week.

466—K. B., Will Point, Texas:

If the boy is an orphan write to De Veaux College, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. If not, address the Stanford University, Palo Alta, California.

467—Subscriber:

Mahomet Ali has been described in these columns. The wild West is a question requiring too much space. Get a good book just out entitled "Wonders of the Wild West."

468—R. H., Bridgeport, Ind.:

A biography of Pestalozzi was published in the QUESTION BUREAU April 28, 1888.

469—F. G. S., Partis, Kas.:

How many foreign immigrants came to the United States during the year 1887?

The total immigration for 1887 was 490,109, mostly from England, Ireland and German possessions. The import statement you refer to is substantially correct.

470.—Subscriber, Winchester, Ill.:

Please give the vote for governor of Illinois in 1884.

The vote was as follows: Oglesby, Republican, 334,222; Harrison, Democrat, 319,599; Harper, Greenback, 8,642; Hobbs, Prohibition, 10,764. Plurality for Oglesby, 14,623. Total vote, 673,227.

471—E. D., Wheatland, Mo.:

1. Is it a fact, as some of the Union Labor party assert, that Barbadoes island issue only 9st or absolute money? Does any government issue such money? 2. Is the Union Labor party the old greenback party under another name.

1. The Barbadoes islands belong to England, and English money probably predominates. We have no authority stating that fiat money is issued by the Barbadoes or any other government. 2. No.

TARIFF TALKS.

A Toledo Master Machinist Illustrates to a Companion What Effect Free Trade Has Upon the Workmen.

Daniel Warner, a master machinist, working in the shop of George Heartley, is an ardent Republican and a firm believer in protection. The other day Mr. Warner met a Democratic friend on Summit street and after the usual salutations, the friend, whose first name is Tom, said:

"Say, Dan, what a horrible liar that BLADE is getting to be."

"Why, what do you mean?" replied Mr. Warner.

"Those stories it is publishing about starved workmen in England, and low wages, are all lies."

"Oh, no," replied Dan, "you are mistaken. Why, Tom, the BLADE does not tell the half of it. Now let me tell you of an incident that occurred right here in this city. A master machinist who lived in England concluded to come to this country. Before leaving, he married a bright English girl and brought her with him. He had just enough to bring them to this city. He obtained work in the Vulcan foundry, and he rented a house just opposite mine. That was nine years ago. They brought England with them. Everything they did was English, and they could talk of nothing else but England. There was no country like it, and they were down on our protective policy. They remained here four years and then they returned to the old country, taking with them the three children that were born to them here. That wife and those children are here to-day. Why did they come back? You should go to that woman and get her story. She will tell you that her husband literally starved to death. He could get no work, and he had no money to bring him back to America. She will tell you that after his death, the employes of the Vulcan foundry clubbed together and raised enough money to bring her and her children back to keep them from starving. Is that woman a believer in English wages and English free trade? Not much."

"Is that so, Dan?"

"Of course it is so," replied Warner. "If you do not believe it, go over on the East Side and see the lady for yourself, (giving her name and residence). She lives there happy because she is in America, and contented because she is able, thanks to protection, to make enough to comfortably support herself and family.

"But that isn't all, Tom. I can tell you hundreds of similar stories, and I can bring the principals before you to prove my statements. I knew another case where an English workman died in England, and left his wife without any money. She came over here to her relatives and settled in Toledo, but she was dissatisfied. She, too, had brought England with her. She was constantly talking about what a great country England was, and how she would like to get back. Finally she did return, and, within a year, she was writing to her sister in Toledo, begging for money to bring her back to America. She wrote that she was nearly starved and that she could not make enough to buy her salt. When she got back she wrote about her trip. 'And when I reached Castle Garden,' said she, 'I was that glad that I dropped on my knees and kissed the ground.' Now, Tom, I knew these people, and their histories came under my personal observation."

"Say, Dan," said Tom, "if what you say is true, I will never again vote the Democratic ticket."

Mr. Warner says that years ago the machinists were about evenly divided between the two great parties, but now nearly all are Republicans. The tariff made the change in the last year or two.

DEFEAT is a school in which truth always grows strong. Though your disease battle your physician, if you put your blood in good order with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, you can rely on finally growing well and strong. Pure blood means good health.

The Canadian and the Parrot.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot opened his near eye yesterday morning, and shut it quickly again for fear of catching that of an intelligent workman, who was going along with a well filled dinner pail in his hand. Then he peeped out of the half-opened optic and saw a strange Canadian, who looked as if he were seeing the sights, and didn't know any more about the tariff than the parrot did. But that was where the parrot got left.

"The tariff is a tax."

The Canadian looked up and saw a green—very green—bird sitting on a perch.

"Are you there, old Truepenny?" said he. "Well, I come from Canada, where short wools are admitted free of duty. The States have a tariff of ten to twelve cents a pound on such wools, and if you are telling the truth, they ought to cost that much more here than in Canada. But they don't. On the contrary, Canada imported 4,445,741 pounds of this grade of wool from the States last year. How does that strike you?"

The parrot looked longingly toward the clock tower Union and remarked:

"The tariff is a tax."

Questions for Cleveland's Friends to Answer.

Irish World.

Let fiction alone, Messrs. free traders, and grapple with facts. Tell us why it is that we accumulated only $14,000,000,000 between 1607 and 1860, and then increased this to $44,000,000,000 in the two decades which followed. Tell us how many articles the tariff sell at the foreign cost plus the duty, according to your dapper formula, and why the rest do not. Tell us why we consume more iron, cottons, woolens per head than does any other country. Tell us why the savings of American workmen are five-fold greater than those of Great Britain. Tell us why the laborers of the world flock by millions to America, leaving the cheapness of free trade, the accumulations of ages of toil, the educational and charitable endowments which have been growing up for millenniums, and the tender ties of home and kindred, to seek a home in a tariff-burdened, high-priced, new, and raw country like the United States. And then tell us why every free trader—with the honorable exception of Mr. Atkinson—feels bound to depreciate his country, its economic wisdom, its industrial results.

A Queer Cat Story.

A correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* tells a story about a favorite cat that spends a good deal of her time in a cozy old armchair. Her owner last May put four hen eggs into the chair by way of seeing what puss would do with them in order to make her bed more comfortable. Strange as it may appear, puss took kindly to the eggs and in due time hatched four fine chickens. For weeks after the chickens were hatched she licked them all over every day with her tongue, caressed and played with them as much as if they had been her own kittens. Whenever the chickens strayed from the nursery she carried them back in her mouth as if they had been made of the finest glass.

Found It Out Too Late.

"Papa, what do they have that crowbar strapped up there for?" said the small boy in the railway car.

"That, my boy," replied *pater familias*, sinking hot and frantic into his seat with a sprained wrist and half a thumb-nail gone, after a three-minute tussle with the car window, "that, I suppose, is for the brakeman to open these blanked windows with. —*General Manager.*

Alas, So It Is.

Sew the crape upon your beaver,
Buy a sable, mourning tie;
You will grieve to hear the tidings,
But the stove-pipe joke is nigh.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

TWO GOOD STORIES

By Congressman Amos Cummings, and Both of Them on Himself.

Congressman Amos Cummings was entertaining a little group at the soda fountain with a few of his choicest and oldest stories the other evening, and among others told one concerning the only time he was ever under arrest. There was a man employed to write certain editorial matter for the New York *Sun* at a time when Mr. Cummings was actively connected with the paper, and one day this citizen went off on a "tear." He was missed from his desk in the office for several days. One day he was heard from very unexpectedly. A man giving the name of Charles A. Dana was arrested for being intoxicated in public. At short intervals thereafter every one employed on the editorial staff was brought up in the police courts for the same offense. Mr. Cummings's reputation suffered with the rest. All this time the man who was masquerading under these distinguished names did not put in an appearance at the office. One day he appeared unexpectedly in the business office of the paper. He stood for several minutes slyly looking ahead of him. Some one present stepped up to him and said: "Is there anything we can do for you, Mr. ——?"

"Yes," said the late editor, in a rather foggy voice. "I want shee proprietor."

Mr. England was passing by. He was called. "Well," he said, "what do you want?"

"Are you the proprietor?" was the inquiry.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I want to give you shum advishe. You want discharge your barkeep'. I been standin' here ten min'tes now, and havn't had a drink yet.

A story of Mr. Cummings, which is familiar to only a few of his friends, relates to an experience with an old business associate who had lost his "grip" on affairs through devotion to drink. He owed money to everyone he knew, and there was no prospect, immediate or remote, that he would settle. One day Mr. Cummings was going down the street when he saw his old friend evidently in the throes of despair. His air was one of extreme dejection, due as much evidently to trouble as to drink. He was rather awkwardly supporting a lamp-post and dismally shaking his head. Mr. Cummings approached him.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he said.

"Go away," was the reply. "Ain't a man's sorrows his own?"

"All right," said Mr. Cummings. "You take care of your sorrows, then."

But the man called him back. "I see you mean to be sympathetic," he said, "I am in great trouble. My wife and little ones have been turned out of doors for the rent, and all my furniture and everything I own in the world is out on the sidewalk. That's not a very pleasant thing for a man to go home to," and he burst into tears.

"Oh, brace up," said the apathetic Cummings. "Be a man. Here's a $10 bill. Go home with that now to your wife, and see if you can fix things up."

The man thanked him profusely. Two hours later Mr. Cummings was walking up town, when he saw in the doorway of a well-known Bohemian resort his friend of the lamp-post. He was very full now and in a most genial humor.

"Come in here, Cummings," he shouted. "Come in and have a drink."

Mr. Cummings went in and, determined to get back as much of his $10 as possible, ordered a 40 cent drink. Then he turned to the drunken man and said: "Where did you get your money, Jim?"

"Oh, I struck a jay up the street a little while ago," was the reply, "and he gave me $10. Have another drink."

And Mr. Cummings took the drink, convinced that it was the only way he could ever get back any part of his charity.

Direct From the Front.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., July 2, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I can cheerfully and truthfully say that S. S. S. is the greatest blood purifier on earth. In 1884 I contracted blood poison. Physicians treated me with no good results. I took a half dozen different kinds of blood medicines, but, without receiving any permanent relief! I was induced to try S. S. S. I began the first bottle with the gravest doubts of success. I had been so often deceived. But improvement came, and I continued its use until perfectly well. I have since married, and have a healthy family. No trace of the disease is seen. Swift's Specific did all this for me, and I am grateful. Yours truly,

J. S. STRADER,
118 Dale Ave.

KEMP, TEXAS, June 23, 1888.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—A sixteen-year-old son of mine was afflicted with bad blood, and broke out with an eruption on various parts of his body. I put him to taking S. S. S., and a few bottles cured him entirely. I live at Lone Oak, but my post office is at Kemp. Yours truly,

W. S. ROBINSON.

Three books mailed free on application. All druggists sell S. S. S.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York, 756 Broadway.

He Struck Luck.

Friend—Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?

Brown—Perfectly so! I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to a lunatic asylum.

Friend—You mean that you are an unlucky dog.

Brown—No, I don't; the other relatives are going to contest the will and I'm to be the lawyer.—*Bare Bits.*

A Close Resemblance.

"Hello!" he shouted, and gesticulated violently, "there's a whale!"

"Oh, no," said the first officer, who had come over with a crowd of passengers, "there are never whales in this latitude."

"Well, then, it must be a Chicago girl's overshoe."—*Ocean.*

The Distinction.

"Is Mr. Bromley tall?"

"Personally he is."

"Personality?"

"Yes. Officially he is short—$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal." —*Bazaar.*

Musical Almanac—September

1 MUSIC TEACHER RISES at his usual hour, and plans and dreams out a wide awake musical campaign.
3 MUSIC TEACHER SETS his wits at work to devise the best methods, and concludes
4 to devise the best methods, and concludes
5 that there is no better way than to use Ditson & Co.'s Superior Music Books.
6 Write for catalogues, specimens and descriptions.
7 HE BEGINS TO FISH for engagements.
8 Catalogues arrive. He is favorably impressed
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— High Schools; JEHOVAH'S PRAISE ($1 or $9 dozen) for Choirs, Classes, Conventions,
— Sacred and Secular music; SONG MANUAL (Book 1, 50 cts., Book 2, 40 cts.), a
15 complete new music course for Schools;
— UNITED VOICES (50 cts., $4.80 doz.) a
— collection of School Songs; PART-SONGS
— AND GLEES ($1, $9 doz.); ANTHEMS
— AND PRAISE ($1, or $9 doz.); DOW'S
— SACRED ORPHEUS FOR MALE
— VOICES ($1, has 92 good and new sacred
2 quartets—Just out. The Teacher concludes
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— PIANOFORTE ($3.00), but gladly avails
— himself of the new classic collections:
— PIANO CLASSICS ($1.00), CLASSICAL
— PIANIST ($1), and YOUNG PEOPLE'S
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30 practice.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1888.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

ONLY TEN CENTS

FOR THE WEEKLY BLADE
EIGHT WEEKS!

A NOVEL PLAN

For Doubling the Weekly Blade's Circulation.

Every person who will, during this month of October, remit us ten cents, silver or postal note, will be entered on our subscription list for the BLADE for *eight weeks.* (Do *not* send postage stamps.)

We are aware that a standard newspaper was never before offered to the public at so low a price, and that we shall not be reimbursed for the white paper and postage. Still, we shall have the satisfaction of largely increasing our circulation, hoping at the same time to do considerable good when it may be most needed for HARRISON, MORTON and Protection; and we believe many thousand who will give the BLADE eight weeks' trial will afterwards become permanent subscribers.

How many ten cent subscribers we shall receive under this offer, depends upon how many people will read this announcement during October who are not now subscribers. Therefore, the success of the whole scheme depends upon our present subscribers. If each subscriber will show this announcement to three or four neighbors and friends who are not subscribers to the BLADE, the effect would be an unprecedented increase in our subscription list.

A still better plan would be for each subscriber to see that at least one neighbor or friend *does* remit ten cents for a trial subscription, in which case we would exactly double our subscription.

The experiment is a novel one, and we trust each of our subscribers will have interest enough in its success to see that at least one ten cent postal note is sent us during October. We are particular to require silver or postal note. We cannot use stamps.

This offer is only good during October. For fifteen cents we will send the BLADE eight weeks and *one* of our Harrison portraits.

Notice to subscribers whose time expires in October: We have sent each one of you a private proposition by mail regarding your renewal for one year. We hope you will decide to accept the terms offered. If for any reason you cannot renew for one year, send us ten cents, in accordance with the above proposition, and have your time extended eight weeks, which will cover the campaign, and show you the excellent features that will be added after the political battle is over.

AS TO WOOL.

The free trade argument to support the free wool idea is, that it is "necessary" to have foreign wool to mix with our own; that making wool free will increase our woolen manufactures, and hence the demand for native wool. Let us see whether it works that way. The wool duty was reduced in 1883. In 1887 we produced 14,000,000 less pounds of native wool than in 1882, and the price fell (taking fleece-washed XX for illustration) from 42 cents a pound in 1882 to 34 cents in 1887. As to our imports, they increased from 67,661,744 pounds in 1882 to 114,038,030 pounds in 1887.

Here is as good an illustration of the effects of tariff reduction below the protective line as one needs. Under such reduction, the price of native wool has decreased, the production has fallen off because wool growing has become unprofitable through the reduction of the duty, and our imports of foreign wool have largely increased. What is true of wool will be true of any other protected product.

REV. DR. HANLON, principal of Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, recently returned from an extended visit in Europe, says that he "found that the darkest pictures of pauper labor of Europe had been rather under than overdrawn," and adds:

> I saw women doing the work of longshoremen on the docks; performing the hardest drudgery in the fields; doing the work of horses in cities; exposed like cattle to pitiless storms in the market; poorly clad, poorly housed and poorly fed.

MILLS, of Texas, says that if the Democrats win this election "they will put our own intelligent labor upon a plane of equality with the labor of other countries." How does labor like the prospect?

A TRUST has been formed in raw hides. The 10 per cent duty on raw hides was taken off in 1872, and these articles placed on the free list, where they have been for sixteen years. Look at the increasing list of trusts in articles upon which there is no duty: there is an anthracite coal trust, a copper trust, a block tin trust, a quinine trust, and all on articles which pay no duty.

'DAN, what is that horrible noise?"
"What noise, sire?"
"A loud, grinding sound I hear every time this north window is opened."
"That, sire, is the Hill men up in New York sharpening their knives."

THE unspeakable scoundrelism of the Indiana Democratic leaders is again shown by the forgery of General HOVEY's frank on mail packages containing matter not frankable. If the decent people of Indiana are of the same nature as those elsewhere, they will vote against MATSON to rebuke this villainous style of campaigning.

A LETTER ANSWERED—WHY THE BLADE OPPOSES SEPARATE POLITICAL ACTION.

We are in receipt of a letter from an old subscriber at Jeraldstown, Tennessee, from which we make the following extract, in order to discuss the points raised:

> It seems to me that the BLADE is placed in a false attitude, in claiming to be for Prohibition, and working to "Pulverize the Rum Power," and at the same time opposing the very party that is for Prohibition, and supporting a party that hasn't one word of Prohibition in its platform, but, instead, is helping to license and thereby legalize the Rum traffic. If there is any consistency in this, I fail to see it. The BLADE'S plea for so doing is that fourteen out of fifteen Prohibitionists are not for the third party. If this be so, who is to blame? I know quite a number who would be for the third party, were it not for the BLADE'S arguments. The BLADE seems to go with public sentiment, right or wrong. If we would all do that, there would be no third party, nor would there have been an abolition party. Educate! How can we be consistent unless we make our talk, prayers and ballots harmonize?

Our friend's view of the attitude of the BLADE is a mistaken one, because he falls into the error of supposing that the Prohibition cause and the Prohibition party are identical. We have shown, in former articles, that there are fourteen thousand Prohibitionists in the United States (by figures taken from a third-party organ) to every one thousand third-party Prohibition voters. The two things are not identical, for the reason that Prohibition has been and is being accomplished without the third party—in fact, in spite of it. Furthermore, the third party has never accomplished one iota of legislation looking to the extermination of the Rum traffic. Hence, as non-partisan Prohibition can point to splendid work already accomplished, and third-partyism is barren, the BLADE is certainly not in a "false attitude" in refusing its support to a party that is like the barren fig-tree cursed by our Savior, showing no fruit, "nothing but leaves."

The BLADE does *not* do this because "fourteen out of fifteen Prohibitionists do not support the third party," but because it believes that the reform is one that does not need a special party to accomplish it. We believe that the third party is a hindrance to this reform, because it excites political prejudice, which is one of the hardest of things to overcome. We know that the great mass of the people of the country are not roused to a true knowledge of the magnitude of the drink evil, and that, to accomplish Prohibition, we must not needlessly antagonize people's prejudices on other subjects; and this antagonism is unavoidable in the separate party plan. We know that the majority of the voters of the country to-day put other matters, upon which the two great parties hold differing views, before this matter of Prohibition in importance, when their votes are asked for a party which presents this issue alone. Experience has shown this time and again, in past campaigns. And, in answer to our correspondent's pathetic question, "who is to blame?" we are glad to say that there is no blame in the matter. It is not a blameworthy act to refuse to support the third party, or any other party. It is a man's right to do as he pleases—to act according to his convictions; and the BLADE'S convictions are that the third party is an unnecessary and unwise thing.

If the Prohibition question be left out of politics, there is no reason why a party platform should declare for or against Prohibition. The temperance plank in the Republican national platform expresses the views of the rank and file of the party, with comparatively few exceptions. And, when our friend, elsewhere in his letter, speaks of the Republican party at Chicago making "an unholy alliance with the Rum Power for success," he is entirely in error. The writer of this was in Chicago during the entire convention, and was thoroughly informed at all times of the inner workings, and is in a position to declare emphatically that there was nothing done there to give color to such a charge. As to his remark that the Republican party is "helping to license and thereby legalize" the Rum traffic, we beg to remind him that anything which is allowed is legalized. The Rum traffic is legal now wherever it is permitted, whether the state or the nation licenses it or not. The sale of Rum, where not prohibited, nor regulated by license or tax, is as legal as the sale of meat, or flour, or grain. These things are not specially allowed to be done by law; "that which is not prohibited is permitted," is the rule of all law. Our friend probably is not aware of this, but it is nevertheless true. The effort of the friends of Prohibition is to render it illegal. License makes it no more legal than it is when unlicensed.

We are glad to have our correspondent pay such tribute to the BLADE'S argumentative powers as he does when he says he knows a number who would vote the third party ticket if it were not for our arguments. We earnestly and thoroughly believe in the cause we advocate—that of Prohibition through non-partisan methods. We know that the tariff question is supreme just now, and rightfully so, as it affects nearly every man directly, for nearly every man is a wage-earner; it affects him whether he will or not; but the Rum traffic injures directly only the men who desire it to do so, by indulging themselves. Both questions affect all citizens indirectly, of course; but our contention is that the tariff affects all men directly; the Rum question affects directly only those who drink. Again, the tariff question was forced on the country by the President in his last annual message, and is now in such shape that the decision must come from the people, through their votes, in the election of a new Congress to make laws, and a new President to execute them—and that decision *must* be made on November 6. There is no such necessity for a decision on the third-party Prohibition matter. Nobody expects it to elect anything this fall, and the cause of Prohibition will not be injured in any way by the result of the election.

For a voter to refuse to cast his ballot so as to give his views on the tariff this fall, on the ground that he "wants to vote for Prohibition"—meaning that he wants to vote with the third party—is as foolish as it would be for him to refuse his aid in extinguishing a conflagration because he wanted to prepare his seed corn for next spring. The one is imminent, pressing, and must, from the very nature of things, be decided at once; the other is not.

Our correspondent apparently intends to be condemnatory when he asserts that "the BLADE seems to go with public sentiment." First, on this point we believe "public sentiment" in favor of Prohibition, and that on non-partisan lines, to be undoubtedly right. Second, we think the sentence should be reversed, and read that the BLADE leads public sentiment on this matter. Believing the third party unnecessary, we find no fault with "public sentiment" when it decides against it, as our friend admits when he says, "if we would all do that, there would be no third party, nor would there have been an Abolition party." He certainly knows that the Abolition party never accomplished the abolition of slavery. The Republican party was not founded as an abolition party, as its early platforms prove. We have discussed this matter, however, in former issues, and will not repeat the facts.

We heartily agree with him in his "Educate." That is what we believe in, and what we are trying to do. We are trying to educate the people, without rousing their political bigotry, to a true knowledge of the evils of the Rum traffic. We are trying to educate them to look upon it as the curse it really is. We are trying to educate them to lend their aid, irrespective of their partisan political proclivities, to unite as brothers against the common enemy, instead of tolerating it because some other political party opposes it. But it does not follow that an effort must be made to educate them in third-partyism. The cause of Prohibition has not needed a separate party thus far, and it does not need it now. But we must confess that we do not understand what our friend means by his closing sentence. We see no reason why a man can not talk Prohibition, pray for Prohibition, and vote for Prohibition, without reference to the third party. In point of fact, that party never gave anybody a chance to vote for Prohibition, because it never has done one thing directly for Prohibition. Voting for the third party is not voting for Prohibition, that we can see.

In point of fact, an attentive and regular perusal of the leading third-party organs shows us that the main purpose of the third party in the North is to defeat the Republican party, and give aid and comfort to the only Rum party in the country—the Democratic. This is frankly acknowledged by some of their speakers. Mrs. GOUGAR, of Indiana, is quoted as saying so in a recent address, for example. The theory is, that if the Republican party can be defeated this fall, it will go to pieces, and the third party take its place. This is foolishness of the most pronounced sort. To knock a man down is not the way to make him your ardent supporter and bosom friend. The thing to do is to spend the money, the time, the effort that is wasted in the futile effort to build up a party, in the work of educating the people, irrespective of politics, up to the point where they will unite in one tremendous effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE "DOLLAR A DAY" LIE.

Notwithstanding the offer of the Indianapolis *Journal* to place $2,000 in the hands of any leading Democrat, and have any evidence offered to prove that General HARRISON ever said, in effect, that "a dollar a day is enough for any workingman," submitted to legal investigation, the case to be tried by a Democratic judge, before a Democratic jury, according to the rules of procedure in courts of justice, and the fact that the leading Democrats of Indiana refuse to have anything to do with the matter, the lie is still kept in circulation by Democratic speakers and the more reckless of the Democratic press.

As the Democrats decline to submit the slander to a judicial test, what are the honest, decent voters of the land to understand by their refusal? As the legal proof that General HARRISON said such a thing would alienate tens of thousands of Republican workingmen's votes, is it not a confession that they know the charges can not be substantiated?

It is worthy of consideration that Gen. HARRISON has declared, over his own signature, the falsity of the charge. In support of his own evidence, let us take his utterances in the past. It is not to be supposed that a man is to be adjudged guilty of an opinion that contradicts every recorded utterance of his on the same point? Let us judge General HARRISON by this method. What has been his attitude towards the workingmen?

When he was in the United States Senate, the bill restricting the importation of foreign labor under contract being under discussion, he said:

> I ask leave to say at this time that I know of few measures of greater importance than this. I noticed lately in one of the Chicago papers the results of some inquiry upon the subject, and it seemed to me to indicate that the tracts of our domain—not only the public domain on our frontiers, but in some of our newer states—are passing into the hands of foreigners. It seems that the land reforms in Ireland and in England are disturbing the investments of some Englishmen, and that some of them are flocking to this country for the acquisition of vast tracts of land which may be held by them and let out to tenants, out of the rent of which they may live abroad. *I think that the evil requires early attention.*

Upon the labor question we find the following in the *Congressional Globe*, vol. 17, part 4, page 3349:

> The House bill on this subject, I understand, has been reported favorably by our committee on Education and Labor, and now upon the calendar. The petition will, therefore, under the rule, lie upon the table.
>
> I do not desire to anticipate the discussion of that measure, which will soon come before the Senate, but the startling occurrences of which we have accounts from day to day in the newspapers are turning the attention of all lovers of good order and of the prosperity of the country to the necessity of providing some method of harmonizing the interests of the working classes and of the employers of labor. Arbitration is the only method that seems to be open for peaceful and speedy and just settlement of such disputes.
>
> Arbitration, of course, must precede strikes. It implies calmness, and that is not to be found when the contest is once inaugurated and passions are aroused.
>
> I think so far as we can contribute by any Congressional legislation to securing the just settlement by arbitration of all labor troubles, we shall contribute greatly to the peace and happiness of the country.

And again, upon the labor question, he said in a speech at Indianapolis, September 13, 1886:

> As long ago as 1878, in a public speech, I said upon this subject: "If any railroad or other business enterprise can not earn enough to pay the labor that operates it, and the interest on its bonds, no right-minded man can hesitate to say which ought to be paid first. The men who have invested money in the enterprise, or loaned money on its securities, ought to have the right to stop the business when net earnings fail, but they cannot fairly appropriate the earnings of the engineer, or brakeman, or laborer."

Is it not clear that Gen. HARRISON'S sympathies have been with the toilers of our land, rather than against them? It should be, to every honest, fair-minded man. We have no idea that the people of the United States can be deceived by the stupid lie of a political enemy.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE agitation in favor of protection is spreading among English workingmen. weaver, writer in the Macclesfield, England *Courier*, says:

> Every Trade Unionist should logically be a fair trader (Protectionist)—for fair trade is simply an enormous extension of Trade Unionist principle—it means a union which will include the whole of the industries of the country—agriculture as well as others—and it means a union which will draw the Irish people closer to us, for I have every reason to believe that the primary object of the Irish party is to obtain protection for their industries. In conclusion, I wish to express that it is their duty to study this question for themselves and think it out. I, for one, have no fear of the result, and when England's workers perceive that free trade policy means longer hours and less money, they will hurl down the rotten idol and adopt the sensible course of seeing that as far as possible their labor is employed, which will enable them to pay a half-penny more for their loaf, if necessary, thus bring prosperity to the agricultural population, which, in turn, will enable them to become better customers for the productions from the looms.

OUR October offer is a stunner. Read it—first column of this page.

Of the four Connecticut representatives in Congress, three are now Democrats. But the late town elections show that the Republicans will almost certainly carry the state in the Presidential canvass by a majority of 3,000 to 5,000. The Republicans also have a good chance of securing two out of the three Congressional districts now represented by Democrats. ROBERT J. VANCE and M. T. GRANGER, both Democrats, were elected by small pluralities two years ago. The plurality of VANCE was 446, and that of GRANGER only 321.

THE assistant Democrats, as the painful fact is becoming daily more apparent that their idol, CLEVELAND, is beaten on his free trade folly, are becoming more venomous. *Puck* is only fit for a dunghill, and the mugwump papers are absolutely insane in their drivel against BLAINE. Poor wretches! They have not yet realized that the battle this year is not 1884 over again.

NEW YORK ALL RIGHT!

Within the past two weeks the state of New York has been polled by the Republican national committee, and the result shows astonishing gains in every single county of the commonwealth. HARRISON will come down to the Harlem River with 90,000 majority, and has 25,000 majority in the entire state, including New York and Brooklyn. This polling does not include "doubtful" voters, of whom it is but fair to concede that HARRISON will carry one-half.

The indications in New York city are that CLEVELAND'S majority there will not exceed 40,000. BLAINE received 90,095 votes, and HARRISON will have over 100,000. The methods taken by Chairman QUAY to secure a fair registration and honest vote in the lower wards, where false registration and repeating in behalf of the Democratic ticket have been the rule, have caused terrible commotion among the Democratic leaders, but all the same fraud will be rendered extremely risky to those attempting it.

There are "HARRISON and protection" clubs this year organized in localities where a Republican club was never known before, in these lower wards, among honest workingmen who have been aroused by the danger threatened by free trade to their wages, their only means of support, and they will lend effective aid to the effort to have an honest election. There are two or three clubs, made up entirely of workingmen, in every ward of the city, and fully half their membership is made up of men who hitherto have voted with the Democracy. A poll of six of these club having their location below Fourteenth street, shows that eighty per cent of the membership of these six have been Democrats up to the present campaign. In one the president of a tariff club resigned the presidency of a Democratic organization and walked directly into the HARRISON camp. JOHN I. DAVENPORT is organizing the city for the Republicans, and he declares that in all his experience in local canvasses since 1863 he has not met such a tidal wave of Republicanism.

As regards the state outside of New York, we quote the following from the *Press's* remarks on the poll, and what it reveals:

> No one can measure the extent of the Democratic disaffection without going among the people. Take some of the reports from the interior as a sample of them all: O. G. Warren, of Buffalo, for instance, puts 3,500 as his lowest figures for Harrison's majority in Erie county as against 1,490 for Blaine; Charles E. Fitch, of Rochester, is not one to go wrong on political estimates, yet he thinks Harrison good for 5,500 majority in Monroe, as against 5,080 for Blaine. The Onondaga county people, vitally interested in salt, which Mills puts on the free list, will not listen to less than 5,500 for Harrison, though Blaine carried the county by 3,762. In Oneida county the stalwarts are hard at work for the ticket, and Mr. Conkling's closest political allies there freely predict at least 2,000 majority for Harrison instead of 30 majority for Cleveland, as in 1884. The Oneida vote four years ago was changed by disaffection, for the county is strongly Republican.
>
> Coming further east to the Hudson river counties we find in none of them in which a close canvass does not show surprising strength for protection. In Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, a few days ago the speakers at a Harrison meeting included three local Democratic orators. The eminent employes at Rondout, in Ulster county, are almost a unit against Cleveland. There are 2,500 of them, and they have hitherto given a Democratic majority. Their industry gets just one-half the tariff protection under the Mills bill as at present, and they do not care to take the chance of lower wages. The labor cost is about 80 per cent of the total in cement making, and the men know that a reduction in price would fall in that proportion on their income. The brickmakers at Haverstraw and other points further down the river are also banded together, and will vote to protect themselves.
>
> One of the surprises of the canvass thus far is the way in which the farmers are standing side by side with the workingmen in the defense of the tariff. It is more difficult to change a farmer's vote than that of any other class of people, but the issue which Mr. Cleveland has made has brought hundreds in the interior over to the Republican ranks. With the farmer politics is a more serious question than among people in more rushing walks of life, for when he makes up his mind to vote a ticket no argument can stop him. For that reason the question of protection sentiment in the rural districts is regarded as permanent and not to be changed by such as the Democrats got up in the last days of the Blaine canvass, or with the Morey letter when Garfield was before the people. No frauds of this kind can be practiced this time without proving a boomerang, for the people have become educated to this latter day hope of Democracy and are prepared for it.
>
> The reports that reach the state headquarters from the interior of the state represent a large falling off in the Prohibition ticket. Ex-Senator Piatt ventures the prediction that the Prohibition candidate for governor will not poll over 25,000 votes. He thinks Fisk will run several thousand ahead of this, and places his vote at 28,000. It is a curious fact that Governor Hill, like President Cleveland, is weakest in his home county, in which Mr. Cleveland, who, like Governor Hill, spent all his years, will be the banner county of the state in the increase of the Republican vote on President, and Chemung county, the home of Hill, promises to be the banner on the state ticket. The revolt against Hill there is too strong to be overcome. It is open and defiant.
>
> In other parts of the state the decent Democrats are supporting Warner Miller and high license, but they are not doing much talking. The anti-Hill vote from the Democratic ranks will be a quiet one, but it will be large. In this city estimates vary from 10,000 to 25,000. A conservative figure would be 15,000.
>
> The feeling against Hill is so intense in Brooklyn that he will not be able to carry Kings county by more than 9,000, while Mr. Cleveland is likely to run from 10,000 to 15,000. The Republicans put the Cleveland vote at the lower figure. Hill is strong only in Buffalo, Rochester and Troy. In cities the liquor interests are large and are hard at work for the Governor. It is war to the knife between the Hill and Cleveland factions through the interior, and talk of "trades" in the Governor's interests is heard everywhere.

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to use at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

THAT NEWARK ELECTION.

The desperate situation of the Democratic campaign may be inferred from the recent performance in sending out news of the recent city election in Newark, New Jersey. Dispatches were sent out by the Democratic national committee to Democratic papers all over the country announcing a Democratic gain of some 700: that Newark had been a "Republican city," but had been captured by the free trade Democrats; that the doubtful state of New Jersey was thus shown to be safe for CLEVELAND, and much more of the same sort.

All of this stuff is false and misleading. To figure out a "Democratic gain of 700" the vote at this, a municipal election, are compared with the vote cast for BLAINE and CLEVELAND four years ago, when BLAINE carried the city. Newark has been Democratic for several years on local elections, and the only proper comparison is with the local election of one year ago.

Last year the Democrats elected their Mayor by 1,308 majority. At this election, on October 9, the Democratic majority was only 512. This gives a square Republican gain of 796. That's the sort of "victory" the Democrats are howling over.

There were fifteen aldermen to be elected, five of the retiring ones being Democrats and ten Republicans. Five of the latter represented Democratic wards, and the Republicans expected an uphill job. They elected eight to the Democrats' seven. The Republicans have a majority of six in the common council. As an indication of the drift of sentiment, the result in the Thirteenth ward, the largest in the city, and largely German, may be cited. On account of the liquor law passed by the Republican legislature, the Democrats claimed it by 1,000 majority. Every Republican candidate in the ward was elected, and it is believed it will give HARRISON 500 majority. If the result in Newark has really, as the Democratic dispatches claim, "settled the result in November," then it is certain that HARRISON will carry the state.

"No man's wages should be so low that he cannot make provision in his days of vigor for the incapacity of accident or the feebleness of old age."—*Gen. Benj. Harrison.*

THURMAN AS A PAN-ELECTRIC ADVOCATE.

ALLEN G. THURMAN is in Washington as the paid attorney of the Pan-Electric telephone swindle. It is a much mooted point whether a lawyer is justified in taking a case which he knows to be unjust or fraudulent. Many lawyers take the affirmative, and say that he is justifiable. But the present case is an extraordinary one, and it certainly seems that a candidate for the second office in the government—the Vice Presidency—is not justified in appearing in a case like the present one. It may be well to recapitulate that scandalous Pan-Electric matter, in order to show clearly how culpable Mr. THURMAN is in allowing himself to be made the advocate of a fraud and a swindle.

A man named ROGERS held patents in a telephone, which had been shown to be an infringement of the patents of ALEXANDER BELL, by Mr. MABBLE, formerly the commissioner of patents. A wild-cat company was formed in Memphis (we think) to exploit the Rogers patents. It was capitalized at five million dollars, of which stock $3,500,000 was absolutely given away to prominent Democrats of the United States Senate and House, and others. Mr. GARLAND, the Senator, received a large block. Not one of these men paid a cent for their share. Their names and influence were what were desired.

The object was to make money, by either forcing the Bell company to buy them out, or by some means to overthrow the Bell patents, and obtain a monopoly of the telephone business for themselves. Hence the effort to obtain prominent men as the backers of the scheme. Senator GARLAND gave an opinion that the Rogers patents were not an infringement on the Bell patent, and on the strength of this a number of credulous moneyed men were induced to invest in the stock. GARLAND and his associates first limited their own individual liability to $150 each for the stock given them, and then divided among themselves the money resulting from the sale of the other shares to bona fide buyers. They divided $35,000 cash among themselves.

When the Democratic party came into power, and GARLAND was made Attorney General, the effort was begun to make the Bell people compromise with them. Other members of the Pan Electric gang were in governmental positions at Washington. The Bell company sued the Pan-Electric company for infringement of patent. The Pan-Electric company made a secret agreement with another company seeking to overthrow the Bell patents—the National Improved Telephone company—knowing that with GARLAND, who holds $1,000,000 of their stock for which he never paid a cent, at the head of the Department of Justice, they would have powerful aid.

They secured, in defiance of law, permission to bring suit against the Bell company, on the ground that Bell's patents are invalid, whenever and wherever they desired. Judge THURMAN was retained, and the suit is continued, in the name of the government, to make the Bell company show cause why their patents shall not be declared invalid. The Supreme court has already decided every issue involved, and declared BELL the original inventor of the telephone. Still this suit is pushed, at government expense, in the hope of making the Bell company come to time.

The Democratic candidate for President has outraged public decency by retaining GARLAND in his Cabinet after his connection with this swindle was proved publicly. The Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency is doing the same thing by appearing as the chief counsel for this band of swindlers.

TELLING GROVER THE TRUTH.

CAL. BRICE said, a couple of weeks ago, that CLEVELAND was so puffed up with the roseate reports fed to him by his flatterers, that he considered his re-election certain, and that he [BRICE] could do nothing with him. Within the past few days, however, Mr. CLEVELAND has been told some cold facts about the real situation in Indiana that should have a tendency to open his eyes. There has been a disposition on the part of Democrats to look upon that state as pretty securely anchored on the Democratic side, but they are now beginning to understand otherwise. Governor GRAY—the Indianian who wanted the Vice Presidential nomination at St. Louis, but didn't get it—has been on the stump in Indiana, and when he called at the White House the other day he told the President that while they were going to make the best fight they could, and hoped for the best, it was more than likely that if the Democrats succeeded with their national ticket it would be without the vote of Indiana.

Governor GRAY repeated this view substantially in such confidential conferences as he had at the capital with fellow Democrats, and in some cases he elaborated his reasons, which embodied two points, the tariff attitude of the Democratic party, which is unpopular in both the farming and manufacturing sections of the state, and the fact that a citizen of Indiana is at the head of the Republican ticket. Governor GRAY was much more guarded in his expressions to his casual friends, but not even to strangers did he once claim the state as certain to go Democratic.

CLEVELAND FOR FREE TRADE.

In his letter of acceptance Mr. CLEVELAND declares that for every million dollars collected by the tariff as revenue, the people pay several millions more that never reach the United States treasury.

If this be true, it is an argument for free trade, pure and simple. It would certainly be easier to pay the one million direct than several millions indirectly. His argument is just as strong against a 42 per cent. tariff, as the Mills bill contemplates, as against the present 47 per cent. tariff. It is just as strong against a 20 per cent, or a 10 per cent tariff, or any tariff at all. If the argument is worth anything, it will not stop short of the abolition of every duty.

Of course every well informed person knows that the President's statement is false. But he apparently believes it to be true, and so believing, he uses an argument that favors absolute free trade, if it favors anything. Isn't CLEVELAND a free trader?

THE International News Company, New York, have begun the issue of an English edition of *Paris Illustre*, the leading high-class Paris illustrated weekly. The first number, just out, contains finely executed portraits of Mrs. CLEVELAND and President CLEVELAND. These will be followed shortly, the publishers announce, by a portrait of Gen. HARRISON. There will certainly be a great demand in this country for the English text edition of *Paris Illustre*. It should be in the hands of every art-lover.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

APROPOS of the Democratic claims that Indiana is safe for them, it is instructive to note that in 1886 the Republican majority for state offices in Indiana ranged from 3,053 for the candidate for state treasurer, to 9,047 for the candidate for superintendent of public instruction. The head of the ticket, Lieutenant Governor ROBINSON, received 3,319 majority; the tail of the ticket, Clerk of Supreme Court NOBLE, received 5,534 majority. The latter is about an average of the whole.

THE MUGWUMP HORROR OF BLAINE.

There are a number of papers in New York which supported CLEVELAND in 1884 on the plea that Mr. BLAINE was not at all a proper person, d'ye know, to be President, and because Mr. CLEVELAND was supposed to be a little tin god on wheels as regarded civil service reform. We have never been able to understand that insanely hydrophobic terror of the very name of BLAINE, which was then, and still remains, the distinguishing characteristic of the mugwump. We recognize the condition, without being able to offer a theory to explain it.

Another singular thing was the entire unanimity with which these papers insisted that Mr. BLAINE was intensely anxious that he should be renominated this year. They declared that his trip to Europe was an electioneering dodge; that his Florence letter, declining to be a candidate for the nomination, was a clever plea that he should be nominated anyhow; that his Paris interview, reiterating his declination, was insincere; that his Scotch tour was simply a shrewd move to keep out of the reach of telegrams during the convention, that his friends might nominate him anyhow.

These mugwump lies are well remembered, as well as the facts that on that notable Sunday he, by cable, reiterated his refusal, and that the convention on the next day nominated General HARRISON. The ridiculous series of mugwump stories were shown to be lies, hatched in the alleged brains of these sufferers from chronic Blainophobia.

One would suppose that they would have been so ashamed of those three months of lying that they would put their mouths in the dust for decency's sake. But that insane mugwump fear of BLAINE is amenable neither to reason nor truth nor justice. The old wail was started up again as soon as BLAINE returned from Europe—the burden this time being that HARRISON is the candidate, but that he is merely a mask for BLAINE; that in the event of HARRISON'S election, BLAINE will be the real President, the Warwick, the *deus ex machina.*

This offensive and false statement runs through all these papers. It is the burden of their editorials, the theme of their cartoons, their stock argument. Of course the fact that Mr. BLAINE has declared that he would not accept any office, and that he is out of politics, does not count with them. It is a cardinal article of their creed that Mr. BLAINE is not to be believed under any circumstances.

They are to be pitied, perhaps, for their lack of manliness, as their pitiful plight as political eunuchs seems to have destroyed the virility of their understandings. Of course, any sensible man knows that CLEVELAND has proved utterly false to all his promises of civil service reform; that the blackmailing of federal employes for campaign purposes was never practiced to one-tenth the degree it is now under this physically prodigious pretender to political purity, and that of all shams ever posing before the American people, GROVER CLEVELAND is the worst and the shallowest. The mugwumps cling to him in desperation, in their insane fear of JAMES G. BLAINE. Well, HARRISON will be elected in spite of them, and they will sink into oblivion along with their pudgy patron saint, CLEVELAND.

"THE TARIFF IS A TAX."

Thus spoke the Old Roman, as he drew forth his perfumed bandana. Ergo, it is odious, because it is a tax. The school house is a tax, the church is a tax, the court room is a tax, the hospital is a tax—so is the sidewalk, and street pavement, and the street lamp, and the turnpike. What is the matter with Africa, then? Brother THURMAN, after next month, can emigrate there, and find two hundred million people, without any of those symptoms which so lacerate his patriotic heart.

THE Fort Plain, New York, *Democrat* has been hitherto a supporter of CLEVELAND, but the free trade dose is too much for it, and it says:

> From this date the *Democrat* abandons the impolitic, immoral and indefensible cause which it, in common with all Democratic newspapers, has hitherto vainly attempted to bolster up and will continuously support the principles and candidates of the Republican party and oppose the evil and dangerous heresies enunciated by the Democratic state and national platforms as represented by the candidates who received the nomination of those conventions. The basis of education and the power of inveterate habits of thought and action are not easily overcome. Party ties should not be lightly broken, but when it has become clearly apparent that fealty to a party involves treason to the country, every instinct of patriotism and manhood revolts against further submission to a degrading bondage.
>
> The *Democrat* is the only newspaper published in Fort Plain, a manufacturing village with a vote of about 200, largely Democratic heretofore, and its coming over to the Republican party is a strong indication of a wholesome and extensive change of sentiment among the Democratic voters, and gives, therefore, support to the statements recently published showing a wholesale defection from Democratic ranks thoughout the state of New York. At Fort Plain the principal manufactures are of brooms, axles, furniture and leather goods; and these articles are more or less affected by the Mills bill; so that the voters have good reason for their change of sentiment.

THE Inter-state commerce commission has received its first application for proceedings against the Pacific railroads, under the act to require these roads to perform the obligations imposed upon them by law in respect to telegraph service, and to make proper connections with such telegraph companies as may desire it. The application is from the Postal Telegraph Cable company, which has lines extending from the Atlantic seaboard throughout the Northern states, and which, also, over the telegraph lines of the Canadian Pacific, has connection with the Pacific coast. The company complains, however, that it is unable to afford to its patrons the means of reaching numerous important points now rapidly growing up between the Missouri river and the Pacific, to which it desires to extend the advantages of competition, and also that its connection over the Canadian Pacific is insufficient for the purpose of competition on the Pacific slope, besides being at times liable to interruption, and it asks of the commission that it make a proper order, giving it means of connection over the American Pacific roads, which are now giving exclusive privileges to the Western Union.

THERE are sixteen Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church resident in the United States, and the following thirteen are supporters of HARRISON and MORTON: BOWMAN, of St. Louis, FOSTER, of Boston, MERRILL, of Chicago, WARREN, of Denver, FOSS, of Philadelphia, NINDE, of Topeka, MALLALIEU, of New Orleans, WALDEN, of Cincinnati, FOWLER, of San Francisco, VINCENT, of Buffalo, JOYCE, of Chattanooga, ANDREWS, of New York, and NEWMAN, of Omaha. Bishop HURST, of Washington, and Bishop FITZGERALD, of Minneapolis, are for FISK, and Bishop GOODSELL, of Texas, is said to have voted the Prohibition ticket. The proportion of Methodist voters who are Republicans is even larger than that of the episcopacy.

THE BLADE for eight weeks for ten cents! Read the offer in the first column of this page.

THE leading spirits of the Sugar Trust framed the sugar schedule of the Mills bill, and framed it in the interest of the trust. The Republican senate, in the preparation of its bill, consulted the sugar consumer and not the Sugar Trust.

HAVE YOU READ OUR REMARKABLE TEN-CENT OFFER?

Has every reader of the BLADE noticed the extraordinary offer made in the first column of this page, headed, "Only TEN Cents?" If not, turn to it and read it.

The responses to this offer have been simply astonishing. It is bringing us thousands of names each day. Of course our readers understand that we make no money out of the papers at such a ridiculously low price. It is simply the BLADE'S contribution to the Republican campaign. We want to get good Republican protectionist doctrine before as many people as possible.

Remember this fact—that this offer is good ONLY for the month of *October.* It will appear in our columns but ONCE more. This offer expires on October 31. In the meantime, we want *every* subscriber to the BLADE to see that we get at least ONE NEW NAME; and we ask every subscriber to see that everybody in his neighborhood is informed of this very remarkable offer before October 27.

Turn in and give us your help in this matter, friends! And do it AT ONCE, that they all have an opportunity of availing themselves of an offer that will not be repeated.

FARM PRODUCTS AND THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

There are several changes of importance made by the Senate tariff bill in farm products. We give a list of a number of the changes proposed in that schedule:

	Present rate.	Senate Bill.
Horses and mules..	20 per cent.	$20
Pigs and sheep	20 per cent.	50c.
Cattle	20 per cent.	$5
Beans	10 per cent.	25c bushel
Beans, peas, &c., preserved.....	30 per cent.	25c gallon
Cabbages.....	10 per cent.	1c each
Grapes.....	20 per cent.	1c pound
Hops.....	8c pound	10c pound
Condensed milk....	20 per cent.	3c pound
Split peas.....	20 per cent.	20c bushel
Vegetables preserved.....	30 & 35 per cent.	35 per cent
Wool.....	various	slight increase

It will be noted that several changes have been made from ad valorem to specific duties. As the BLADE has shown in previous articles, specific duties are preferable in all cases, because there is no room for fraud, such as there always is with ad valorem rates, by false invoices, undervaluations, etc. The changes in the rate are all in the interest of the farmers of this country. The Senate bill does not threaten the great sheep-raising industry, as the Mills' bill does by

B. No. Ships do not come in ballast for wheat, as a rule. Such a thing may occur occasionally with an English "tramp" steamer. But it costs less to send wheat from New York to England than from Chicago to New York by rail. 3. No. Nine-tenths is sold at home. The sensible thing to do is to increase our home industries so that our home market will take the other one-tenth. Do you know that wheat has ruled higher in this country for the two weeks past than in any other part of the world? Don't Chicago make the price, rather than Liverpool?

80.—That Envelope.

A friend sends us on envelope which has printed across its face the following:

This envelope was made by the envelope trust. Cost of labor on $100 worth of envelopes, $11.00. Tariff tax, $25.00 Where does the laborer's protection come in?

There are two lies here—one the cost of labor, the other calling the tariff a "tax." Envelopes of that quality, we are informed by the largest dealer in Toledo, sell for $1.75 per thousand. $100 worth is therefore 57 thousand. The cost of the labor to make them, may be only $11, as they are made by machines tended by girls. But with the usual free trade trickery, the cost of the labor to make the paper used in them is left out. The cost of the labor in this is about 60 per cent. That makes the total cost of labor on the finished envelopes 71 per cent of the cost of the finished envelopes. The envelopes sell as cheaply here as in England. The $25 duty is not not paid by the people who use American envelopes.

81.—The Balance of Trade.

W. B. S., Middletown, Mo: Our total export for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, were $723,879,813; total exports, $683,802,236. The balance of trade was against us to the amount of the difference between these sums.

82.—Three Questions.

E. B. C., Bloomington, Ind.: 1. The expenditures of the present administration are larger than those of any previous one. 2. Absolute free trade never exist edhere, or in any other civilized country. Even England has a 69 per cent tariff. But "free trade" refers to the fact that there is no tariff on articles manufactured or produced in the country. 3. Garfield was, at one time, tinctured with free trade ideas, the relic of his college days. He favored protection in his latter years.

83.—Free Trade and Protection in Australia.

R. W. N., Columbus, Kan., sends us a query about the results of protection and free trade in two Australian countries. The point made by the free traders is the assertion that Victoria, which has a protective tariff, is not as prosperous as New South Wales, which is alleged to have free trade. Their soil, climate, class of inhabitants, government, industries and commercial advantages are practically the same. Victoria has an area of 88,196 square miles and New South Wales 323,437. In 1837 the latter had a population of 76,000, while the former had a little more than 500. In 1850 Victoria separated from New South Wales and set up as a colony by herself. In 1867 she adopted a policy of protection, while the mother colony adhered to low duties. Although New South Wales had nearly four times the area and fully 50 years the start in the race with her rival, Victoria now has an equal population and 2,405,157 acres of land under cultivation against 808,095 acres in the older colony. New South Wales has a total of 3,463 factories employing 40,608 hands, while Victoria has 5,783 factories, employing 51,469 hands. The excess of imports over exports in New South Wales is $34,000,000 annually, and in Victoria $12,000,000. Add to all this, the free trade colony reported a deficit in its balance sheet for 1887 of $400,000, and for the same year the protected colony showed a handsome surplus of receipts over expenditures. So unmistakable have been the effects of the two systems after twenty-one years' trial side by side, that New South Wales is now adopting a system of ad valorem taxation for revenue purposes equivalent to the protective duty of Victoria. The above facts are from the "Australian Handbook," and are authentic.

It is not true, however, that New South Wales is entirely free trade. She has a tariff such as the Mills bill would give us—free trade in some things, tariff for revenue on others, protection on a few. This is plain from the latest reports of United States Consul Griffin, at Sydney, shows. Consul Griffin is a free trader and writes his reports from the standpoint of the free trader. In the one dated as far back as December, 1886, he says: "It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry that two countries like Australia and the United States should continue to confront each other with hostile tariffs;" and also: "It is an unfortunate thing for the sugar interest here that every one of the Australian colonies has its own special tariff." Mr. Griffin also explains that during the passing year New South Wales transferred 180 articles from the free list to the dutiable list, and after some months' experiment put 57 of them back on the free list, and the duties left on some of the 103 articles remaining are very much higher than the duties on the same articles levied by Victoria.

84.—Duties on Wool and Sugar.

W. J. H., Six Points, O.: The present wool duties are: Clothing wools, valued at less than 30 cents a pound, 10 cents; above 30 cents, 12 cents. Washed wool, 30 cents or less per pound, 20 cents duty; over 30 cents, 24 cents duty; scoured wool, 30 cents or under, 30 cents duty; over 30 cents, 36 cents duty. Combing wools, valued at 30 cents or under per pound, 10 cents per pound duty; over 30 cents, 12 cents duty; scoured wool, 30 cents or less, 30 cents duty. Carpet wools, valued at 12 cents or less a pound, 2½ cents a pound duty; over 12 cents, 5 cents duty; scoured, 12 cents or less, 7½ cents duty; over 12 cents, 15 cents duty. The present duties on sugars are: Not above No. 13 Dutch standard in color, from 1.4 cents a pound to 2.4 cents a pound, according to the amount of actual sugar as shown by the polariscope; above No. 13 to No. 16, 2½ cents a pound; above No. 16 to No. 20, 3 cents a pound; above No. 20, 3½ cents a pound.

85—Sundry Queries.

J. A. M., Marshall, Mich: There is no special tariff legislation favoring the Standard Oil Co., or Armour & Co. Mr. Burt lied, if he said of such thing. He may have referred to the provision allowing exported salt ments, cured with imported salt, a refunder of the duty paid on the salt. Any packer may do this. The whole matter is trivial, when compared with the one fact that free trade means a reduction of the wages of every wage-worker in the land to the European level—a matter of thousands of millions of dollars a year.

G. H. O'B., Dresden, Ind: There are not 100 clothing houses on any one street in Cincinnati. The story that their owners "are all going to vote for Cleveland" is a falsehood, told by somebody who thought the rural population were green enough to believe it.

A. L. P., Armathwaite, Tenn.: England, the home of free trade, is noted for the fact that its poor are very poor, and its rich very rich. Wealth is not diffused there as it is here. The duties on blankets are; valued at 30 cents a pound or less, 10 cents a pound duty; 30 to 40 cents a pound, 12 cents duty a pound; 40 to 60 cents a pound, 18 cents duty a pound; 60 to 80 cents a pound, 24 cents duty a pound; and in each case 35 per cent ad valorem in addition. The higher the quality of the blanket, the higher the duty.

"Her Face Her Fortune."

A CLEAR, SOFT, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM PIMPLE, spot, or blemish, is produced by that most elegant and effective of all Skin Beautifiers, the

CUTICURA SOAP,

Incomparable as a Skin Soap, unrivalled for the Toilet, Bath, and Nursery, and without an equal as an Infantile Skin Soap. Produces the loveliest, whitest, clearest skin and softest hands. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, surprisingly effective, it enjoys a sale greater than that of all other medicated toilet soaps in the world combined. Sold throughout the civilized world. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, U. S. A. Send for "How to Purify and Beautify the Skin."

THE UNION LABOR PARTY'S "SEVEN GREAT CONSPIRACIES."

The BLADE is receiving quite a number of letters asking for a discussion of subjects raised by Union Labor orators, who seem busy at certain points in the West. We have not room to devote to an extended discussion of the numerous points raised—simply because they are not issues in this present canvass. The election will turn on the tariff question, and on that alone. Voters should remember this, and avoid being led aside by anything foreign to that. Every vote cast for any other party than the Republican or the Democratic is simply wasted. It can do no good, and takes a vote from where it is urgently needed. But we will briefly discuss what the Union Labor men call the "seven great conspiracies"—though they were not conspiracies, as every intelligent man knows. They are thus given:

1. The law putting two exceptions in the United States notes, (greenbacks) passed February 25, 1862.
2. The national banking law, passed March 25, 1863.
3. The law authorizing the contraction of the currency, passed March 6, 1869.
4. The act to strengthen the public credit, passed March, 18, 1869.
5. The act to fund the national debt, passed July 14, 1874.
6. The act demonetizing silver, passed March 12, 1873.
7. The resumption act, passed January 14, 1864, to be consummated January 1, 1879.

It is very easy, after a quarter of a century advancement, to look back and see where things might have been bettered; but it is also easy to forget the circumstances that dominated at the time. With regard to No. 1, the greenback, when first issued, was believed to be unconstitutional by the Democratic party, and bitterly opposed by them. The credit of the United States was at a low ebb; the South was in armed rebellion; foreign moneyed men were chary of loaning money to us, because it was a question whether the United States would not be destroyed or divided; and yet it was impossible to raise the money at home. Gold and silver is the world's money; our greenbacks would not pass in Europe. We had to buy hundreds of millions of dollars worth of army supplies and material abroad, and we had to have gold or its equivalent to buy with. Hence the exception clauses in the greenback. We had to make the interest payable in gold; and to provide that duties on imports should be paid in coin, in order to raise the gold to pay that interest. The greenbacks, therefore, were made legal tender for all purposes, but these two—interest on the public debt, and duties on imports.

The second is the national banking law. This law provides the best banking system we ever had. LINCOLN or CHASE were its fathers. The idea was to make a banking system that would aid the government in raising the enormous sums of money that were needed to carry on the war. To this end, banks are required to buy government bonds, which are deposited, in the bank's name, in the treasury. These bonds are held as security for the notes of the bank, so that, should the bank fail, the note-holders lose nothing. This provision has saved millions to the people. But the Union Labor people object because the bank gets interest on its bonds, and then loans the notes out at interest. This is no real objection. Suppose we wipe out the national banking system, and return to private banks. Will not they get interest on their own notes, when they loan money? Certainly. And if they buy bonds, whether of the United States or of a corporation, will they not draw interest on them? Certainly. "But," says the Union Laborite, "we want no banks. Let the government issue greenbacks instead of having national bank notes." That doctrine was presented to the people by the Greenback party, and the vast majority decided against it. A "fiat" currency is a dream of Utopia. It will never be attempted in this country, because the masses are too intelligent to endorse such a wild scheme. A note, whether it is a bank note or a treasury note, is a promise to pay, and unless there is a good prospect of paying it, it will not circulate. We have not time to discuss this in full. Besides, it is useless. The people have decided against it long ago.

The remaining five points embrace the successive steps leading us back from the period of inflation and high prices, consequent on a paper currency, composed entirely of promises to pay, to the safe-ground of a metallic circulating medium, and a resumption of specie payments. Things were advisable and proper then that would be out of place now. The circumstances governing the case are always to be taken into consideration. Mistakes may have been made—things done that were not the wisest—but the result was good in the end. All financial legislation is more or less an experiment. But there was not one of the seven that was the result of a conspiracy. Look at the facts: Here are men unlearned in finance, knowing nothing of the laws of trade, of the history of the world's experiments in financial legislation, standing up to denounce LINCOLN, and CHASE, and SUMNER, and GRANT, and SHERMAN, and the great band of Republican leaders and statesmen who piloted the ship of state safely through these terrible years of war, and the years following until the disordered finances of the nation were restored to a sound basis, as "conspirators!" The idea is ridiculous. Were all American statesmen demagogues and scoundrels until these ignoramuses came to the front?

The only question in this whole controversy that will ever become a living one—that will ever be more than the mutterings of an ignorant leader of the unlettered mob—is that which will arise through the payment of all our bonds. The national banking system will then have to be changed in its essential feature, because there will be no bonds to secure circulation. We will then have to go back to wild-cat banks, or so modify the system as to provide other sufficient security. Our friends may be certain of one thing—the issue of a governmental paper currency on the plan proposed by the Union Labor men, will never take place. Don't waste time arguing about it, nor waste your votes on the party.

—PRAISE not the day before the evening glow. You may praise Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood without danger, for it brings the glow of health at once. The largest bottle on the market. 120 doses for $1. All druggists sell it.

Free Trade Shrinkage.

Chicago Journal.

Washing a flannel shirt in hot water won't shrink it any faster than free trade will shrink the wages of the men who wear the shirts.

Shoppers by Mail

Look here! For $1.25 we will mail free one pair of Ladies' 4 and 5 Button Kid Gloves in all shades and Blacks, neat embroidered backs and every pair warranted against ripping, tearing and pulling. Be sure and give correct measure of hand. Sent anywhere in the United States. Positively worth $1.75. Trade with the largest Dry Goods House in the West—46 Departments. F. EATON & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

WHO DID IT?

Who made slaves and common property of human beings? Democrats.

Who passed the law making it a penitentiary offense to teach a negro the letters of the English alphabet? Democrats.

Who declared that a state had a right above the national authority and constitution, and in consequence rebelled in 1832? Democrats.

Who, in years gone by, reduced the tariff to a non-protective basis, placing many articles on the free list, thus reducing the wages of the laborers to a starvation point, and thereby brought disaster and bankruptcy to American industries of all kinds, including the farmers and stock raisers? Democrats.

Who were the authors of the financial system, the currency of which was known as "wild cat money," which was a legal tender one day and worthless the next? Democrats.

Who, from time immemorial, defeated the homestead measure, which had for its object, the granting of 160 acres of land to the poor man? Democrats.

Who, when the combined votes of the Whigs and Republicans passed the homestead act by a majority of two, over the Democratic vote, vetoed the same? A Democrat—James Buchanan.

Who opposed the granting of lands to build railroads across the "Great American Desert," which, after becoming a law, has brought the markets to the doors of the settlers in the western frontiers? Democrats.

Who opposed the issuing of greenbacks and fractional currency to aid in carrying on the war? Democrats.

Who, in their platform of 1864, said, "We declare the war a failure, and will not vote another man nor another dollar to prosecute an unholy war?" Democrats.

Who opposed specie resumption, declaring it would bankrupt the nation? Democrats.

Who have discharged competent, crippled Union soldiers from the various departments in Washington, and filled their places with incompetent, able-bodied, ex-rebel soldiers? Democrats.

Who have constantly opposed legislation to prevent fraudulent voting in the South? Democrats.

Who refused to accept John Roach's ships (that he built according to contract) simply because he was a Republican? Democrats.

Who, after they had ruined Mr. Roach and his employees, causing, no doubt, the former's death, gave the building of ships to foreign builders, receiving no more for the money than to have had it done by Americans? Democrats.

Who refused to use some of the surplus in the national treasury to educate the poor and destitute orphans in the South? Democrats.

Why, by their free trade tendencies, are endeavoring to send our money to foreign and free trade countries, which would build up other countries to the detriment of American industries, and therefore bring the American laborers in strict competition with foreign pauper labor? Democrats.

Who declared that the tariff on woolen clothes is robbing the poor laborer, while it is a positive fact that medium ready made clothing, such as the laborer wears, is as cheap here as in England? Democrats.

Who affirm that the poor man pays all the tariff on steel rails, while it is positively known that a poor man never used a steel rail in his family, and that railroads would charge just as much as they do now, even if the rails cost them nothing? Democrats.

Who, as shown by the *Congressional Record*, have been on the wrong side of every great national issue for over thirty years? Democrats.

Who, after opposing these great measures so vehemently, now admit that they were mistaken? Democrats.

Who, after November 6, will, in sackcloth and ashes, acknowledge that the American people have too much good sense to vote for free trade, or a tariff which does not protect? Democrats.

ONE small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

The Mason and the Parrot.

New York Press.

The Bowery parrot, turning about on his perch to see the meaning of a sudden noise, saw a mason leaning out of a window, and patching up the brickwork in the wall of the house.

"The tariff is a tax!" screeched the parrot.

"D'ye see this trowel?" asked the mason, shaking the article at the parrot. "It cost me 62½ cents. When I lived in England I used to get one for 2 shillings 9 pence, or 68 cents. How is that?"

The parrot answered:

"The tariff is a tax."

"I used to make one pound twelve a week in England, or $8 in American money," continued the mason. "I make $20 a week now. Do you understand? Twenty dollars a week!"

And the parrot only replied:

"The tariff is a tax."

A Matter Worth Considering.

With the revival of business this month the agents of the Provident Fund Society of 280 Broadway, New York, are active in sending risks to cover accidents and loss of life by accident. Nearly ten thousand policies are now in force and they are being issued at the rate of 150 per day. The plan on which the Provident Fund operates is unique and possesses many elements of popularity. Twelve dollars per annum entitles the policy holder to $25 weekly indemnity in case of accident, and if the accident prove fatal the heirs of deceased will receive $5,000. The President of the society, Mr. A. N. Lockwood, is an expert who is well known among insurance writers, and to his ability in that line much of the success of the society is due, and although only three years old it has made a reputation to be envied.

How They Like It.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Oct. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—The BLADE is, in its pithy editorials, doing more to sustain Protection and make that policy plain and convincing to the masses of the people than any other publication within my observation. May your efforts be crowned by an overwhelming victory for the entire Republican ticket, both local and national, together with an ever-increasing subscription list. The BLADE deserves it. Yours, JOHN Q. MOORE.

THE best instruction is given by mail at student's home, in Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, etc., by Bryant's College, 417 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"TEN REASONS WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN."

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the Noted Temperance Advocate, Enumerates Them.

The BLADE is in receipt of the following communication from Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, the famous temperance worker, enumerating the ten reasons why she is a Republican, politically:

I am a Republican by hereditary influence, past environments and present convictions, because:

First—The Republican party in the past has stood for all that is liberal and progressive in legislation.

Second—The Republican party freed the slave.

Third—The pronounced and emphatic legislation on moral questions has come most largely from Republican legislators.

Fourth—The Republican party has always been the champion of protection—protection to the citizen, protection to the negro, protection to the ballot box, protection to the wage-earner, protection to the wage-payer, and now, right in line with past professions and performances, it declares protection to the home.

Fifth—The friends of the liquor interest in the ranks of the Republican party are few and far between.

Sixth—The Republican party has stoop for the most advanced temperance legislation which the people demanded, and in many states has made open declarations of enmity against the saloon.

Seventh—The Republican party deals with conditions of the temperance work, not theories. The ideal is not always instantly attainable; it is better that the majority of the great, struggling, groaning mass should gain one inch in altitude than that a few should, by separating themselves into a "holier than-thou" party, attain supernal heights.

Eighth—The Republican party, by reason of its powerful position in this country, is able to consistently promise the redemption of its pledges, while the so called Prohibition party, even if the sincerity of its pledges be admitted, cannot for many years at least, fulfill any one of them.

Ninth—The best types of American manhood are represented in the persons of Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton.

Tenth—The record of the Republican party proves if it to be made up of men out of whose brain and heart reforms have come in the past and are likely to come in the future.

ONE small particle in the eye pains the whole body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Extract. It will cure many a pain.

A Western View of It.

From the Omaha Republican.

If the farmer profits from the wheat squeeze, and mobody but gamblers are worsted, the longer it is kept up the better.

MEN OF SAWS.

HOW THE TARIFF HAS HELPED THEM.

Mr. Maher Tells Some Facts About Saw-Making That Free Traders Cannot Get Over.

I take saws for my text because of their general use. In the hands of the farmer and woodsman they cut down the forests; in the mill they convert trees into logs and lumber; in the factory they obey the will of the machanic as he fashions useful implements for every branch of work, and in partnership with a hammer and plane, the saw, in the carpenter's hands, forms houses and homes. With the axe it is the pioneer of civilization, clearing away forests that fields of grain may wave instead.

Just so useful a tool, so necessary a tool, and so universally used a tool was, in '61, placed under a high tariff, and free traders, who have tears to weep, may well weep over the great burden thus imposed upon so large a share of the American people. For are we not told by all of that ilk, from Grover down, that the tariff on every article increases the cost of the article just that much? And are we not also assured that when the tariff is reduced the cost will also be reduced to consumers, although, (wonderful to tell!) the wages of the men making the goods will not be disturbed? Verily, these be wise men who have learned more about the details of business in a three years' course at Ann Arbor college than have the men who have been in the midst of business for a quarter of a century. But let us not spread ourselves over the world, nor over Adam Smith, nor Mill, but being men of limited capacity, confine ourselves to one subject at a time, and let that for this occasion be—SAWS.

I have lying before me two very interesting pieces of paper: one is an invoice from an English importer, in New York, of English cross cut saws, in the year of our Lord 1854, to a wholesale firm in Toledo, (Whitaker & Phillips). I take 1854, for it must have been a year blessed to Americans, if Grover Cleveland is correct. In that year we imported goods so largely that the balance of trade was against us, and favored England 60 millions of dollars. This is not so very large a sum to day; but in '54 it was a very large balance. The Toledo firm paid the English agents that year for cross cut saws 75 cents per foot.

The other paper mentioned is a letter from a saw manufacturer in Western New York, dated October 1, 1888, who quotes me the very best cross-cut saw that is made, a brand well known always to cover the saw as much superior to the saw of 1854 as a locomotive is superior to a mule.

But, perhaps, 1854 was not so favorable a year as it might have been. Let us come closer to war times, just before the "iniquitous" war tariff was levied. Take 1859, for example. In that year we sent 56 millions of gold abroad more than we received back, and we bought 38 millions of foreign goods more than we sent abroad. Not quite so bad a balance against us as in 1854, you will observe, and contrary to all free trade theory, prices a little more in our favor. On October 24, 1859, Whitaker & Phillips were buying cross cut saws at 50 cents per foot. Then the war tariff was put on; it has been on ever since, and Mills, that shining example of business knowledge, says all goods are just so much cheaper, yet, lo, and behold! Mr. Whitaker buys a saw that is one hundred per cent better than his father paid 50 cents for in 1859, in this year of Grace, 1888, at 22 cents! Long live theory!

The change in hand saws is equally great. In 1865, when I made the acquaintance of a stock of hardware, the best handsaws we sold was of English make, Spear & Jackson's. Every carpenter knew it if he knew his trade. It was *the saw*, and men had no second or third choice. The jobbing price in those days was $36 per dozen. By and by an enthusiast came around demanding attention. He claimed he had a better saw than the English, and that he was going to make, in his little shop in Philadelphia, the saws of America. Naturally no dealers would buy of him. They imagined that they knew the popular mind to a T, and that no mechanic would look at a saw made in America.

But the Philadelphian had confidence and grit. Meeting with no encouragement from merchants, he went among carpenters. He folded his saw into a perfect O. He snapped it as if it were a whip. He put it to tests that were so severe that he won the admiration of mechanics, and they ordered sample saws. He was the embryo monopolist, and he inaugurated his reign by cutting under English prices $3 per dozen.

As his sample saws were used others began to speak of them, and we told the English agents that they must lower their prices or lose trade. They pooh-poohed this. It was too absurd for the slightest consideration, and they called our attention to the fact that they could not begin to keep up with their American orders. The day came when they got it through their English heads that they must reduce the price, but the pushing Disston was still several days ahead of them with another reduction. He kept ahead of them. The quality of his goods was so much superior to theirs that he was sure of the trade, and when the day came that Spear & Jackson offered their saws at less than Disston's there was no longer a market here for them. I remember that about 1870 we had odds and ends of S. & J. saws on hand that we wanted to close out for good and all, but even the smallest cross-roads dealer was too well posted to buy them, except at a price where he could sell far below the Disston.

And what has the tariff done for us on prices? Ask any carpenter you meet. If he was working at the trade 20 years ago he will tell you that he can buy a handsaw to-day for $1.25, better than was the English saw that cost $4 then. And if he can remember the cost of goods in the 50's, he will tell you that in spite of our iniquitous tariff he paid twice as much for a poorer saw in those days.

But where are the "markets of the world?" Let us never forget the happy phrase, lest our enemies fall upon us and smite us, foot, horse and dragoon. What are we doing for the markets of the world?

A friend who is at the head of a large saw factory was complaining to me lately of the cutting going on in prices, and he ended with, "If it were not for our export trade we would not run."

"Do you have much of said trade?" I asked.

"It is where we get our living," he said; "it takes more than one-half of our product, and is growing."

My heart was at ease. We were still doing something with the markets of the world, and every man who used a saw in America was benefitted by the tariff laws that had enabled saw factories to rise and employ thousands of men who are earning a living, and spending their wages to support American merchants, American doctors, American lawyers, American gardeners and farmers, instead of doing all of this for Englishmen. Possibly I do not love England as I ought. I may be prejudiced against her; but, if so, my mother is to blame for that. She never raised me on English milk. WM. H. MAHER.

Every Household

Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in **Croup, Whooping Cough,** and **Sore Throat.**

"After an extensive practice of nearly one-third of a century, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is my cure for recent colds and coughs. I prescribe it, and believe it to be the very best expectorant now offered to the people."—Dr. John C. Levis, Druggist, West Bridgewater, Pa.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again a little troubled with the disease, I was promptly

Relieved By

the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted."—F. H. Hassler, Editor *Argus*, Table Rock, Nebr.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of whooping cough."—John Lovejoy, 1251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine."—D. M. Bryant, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

DR. R. C. FLOWER AND HIS GREAT WORK.

FACTS OF GREAT INTEREST TO INVALIDS.

It is safe to say that no physician in America to-day enjoys so great a degree of popular favor, or has so great a practice throughout the length and breadth of this land, as Dr. R. C. Flower, the distinguished Bostonian, who is now completing in the "Hub" the most magnificent Health Palace to be found in the world. The SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CO., of Boston, have recently issued a handsome and exceedingly interesting pamphlet containing an accurate photographic view of Dr. Flower's new Health Palace, and a fine portrait of Dr. Flower from a recent photograph; a graphic description of his new hotel, together with an intensely interesting series of papers giving statements made by leading statesmen, educators, lawyers, governors, representative citizens in reference to Dr. Flower, his marvellous power and great success, which form a wonderful array of recent remarkable cures, effected by Dr. Flower, and proving most conclusively, if human testimony of a high order is worth anything, that this physician is a most remarkable man, whose success is truly phenomenal. Invalids cannot fail to be greatly interested in these straightforward narrations of honorable people from all the parts of the land. This pamphlet will be sent free to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage. And those of our readers who write at once to the SPECTATOR PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS., and enclose two stamps, will receive the above pamphlet, and also a copy of Dr. Flower's Magnificent Health Papers, containing a number of finely written chapters on the home treatment of common diseases. The publishers' price of this magnificent pamphlet is fifty cents, but for the next thirty days it will be sent free with the other publication simply for two stamps for actual postage.

Our Weather.

There is a little West,
And it has a little wave,
That is like the little girl with the forehead;
For when the wave is cold,
It is very, very cold.
And when is warm, it is—horrid.—*Time.*

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST ON CALVARY.

A New Picture.

The many thousands of our subscribers who have purchased of us the magnificent engraving of "Christ before Pilate," announced the past few months in this column, will be pleased to know that we are now prepared to furnish an excellent companion picture of CHRIST ON CALVARY. Orders filled at once. Price 25 cents, postpaid by mail. A description is unnecessary. Fully equal to the first engraving, and by the same artist.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sent postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare No. I of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1888, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

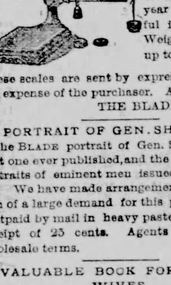
FAMILY HOUSEHOLD BIBLE.

We have secured a bargain in a large purchase for cash, of a standard edition of the Bible. It contains the old and new Testaments with marginal references, and the psalms of David in metre. It is printed in large type, and size 8x10 when closed, convenient for every-day reading. The retail price is $3.00. We will send a copy postpaid by mail for $1.50. Or the Weekly BLADE one year, and a copy of the Bible for $2.40.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

OILOGRAPH PORTRAITS $4 Outfit Free Agents Wanted to collect small pictures to be copied and enlarged. Send for terms to A. B. DENISON & CO., 356 Reade St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED.—Farmers and active men to sell Nursery Stock. Steady work. Salary or commission. Outfit free. Stock complete. Fresh, true to name. Address, E. W. Montgomery, Rochester, N.Y.

WINTER APPLES.

The Georgia Ice Co., of Atlanta, Ga., has idle cold storage space for the next four months for five car loads of choice winter apples. We will advance freight on apples consigned to me, and hold them in the market just like their own. A commission of 15 per cent covers every expense here. Fancy grades pay best. Address J. M. Heath, manager, Atlanta, Ga.

HEALTH & WEALTH!

AGENTS WANTED in every town and Post Office in the United States to sell the Excelsior Herb Syrup, the best purifier of the blood and regulator of the system ever discovered; it cures dyspepsia, liver complaint and all diseases of the stomach. No money required except as the medicines are sold. Address EXCELSIOR REMEDY CO., 45 Frankfort St., N. Y.

A $65.00 Sewing Machine! For $18.00.

Black Walnut Furniture Cover, Drop Leaf, Drawers and Full Set of Attachments. Warranted. 4 lb Tea or Family Scale, $1.00. 1,000 other Articles 1/2 to 1/3 usual prices. Send for Catalogue. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

CANCER "A New Cure comes from China. Queens Hospital and London Cancer Hospital report cures."—N. Y. Express. Endorsed by Medical Journals. Cure guaranteed. Circulars Free. GUN WA CO., Box 42, Pueblo, Colo.

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL."

TARRANT'S EXTRACT —OF— CUBEBS AND COPAIBA

Is an old tried remedy for gonorrhœa, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make "Tarrant's Extract" the most desirable remedy ever manufactured.

To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price $1. Sold by all druggists.

SALARY —FOR— 3 YEARS We wish to employ a reliable man in your county. No experience required. permanent position. Salary $75 per month and expenses. Light, easy, genteel business. Money advanced for salary, advertising, etc. We are the largest manufacturing house in our line. Enclose 2 cent stamp. No attention to postals. Address CENTENNIAL M'F'G CO., CINCINNATI, O.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

FREEDOM IN HOME LIFE.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It has often been said that one of the charms of home life is the complete relaxation it affords from social obligations. In other words, all effort to appear what one is not may be waived, and a man or woman may show out exactly what is their real nature without thinking it necessary to cover up or conceal in any way little idiosyncrasies that they might not wish the world to discover.

I am well aware that this is not the interpretation that was designed to be placed upon the thought embodied in my first sentence, but it often seems that it is the only one that is made. It is very much in the way that many foreigners view American freedom when they come over here. Liberty, in their understanding, is license, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

I take it that relaxation from social obligations does not permit a man who is all smiles and courtesy when he is among mere acquaintances and strangers, to turn into a boor the moment his own door closes behind him, shutting him away from the world with those who should receive the very best there is in him. Nor does it allow a woman who is sunshine itself in a social gathering, to suddenly wrap herself in a garment of sulks or fault-finding, making the whole family utterly miserable and uncomfortable.

Nor does "relaxation from social obligation" imply that a man or a woman may be careless of personal appearance simply because strangers are not to be the critical judges of how they look. No woman can afford to come to the morning meal with hair uncombed, without collar or pin, and with those careless irregularities in dress that make her look like a bundle left over after the ragman's last call. Nor can a man afford to sit down unshaven, unwashed, with rumpled hair and dirty finger-nails, simply because no one will see him but his own wife and children.

And yet this is the condition of things in many and many a home in the land. Table manners too, very much resemble those that obtain in the stables where the live stock are feeding. All the little courtesies that go to make life pleasant and worth living are reserved for people outside, with no thought that their absence presents anything but a desirable picture of character. The meal-time, when the family is gathered together and should be the occasion for refined enjoyments, is made simply a "stuffing" hour in which children take lessons from parental example, the effects of which will stay with them to their own detriment all through their after life.

"If I must be braced up with company manners all of the time," says one, "I do not see the use of having a home."

There you go, just as I expected. You should have no "company manners," if by that you mean that the opposite consists of careless attire, the absence of politeness and a general don't-care sort of way that surely never marks a true lady or gentleman. Neatness, courtesy to those one loves, pleasant words and smiles are never lost, even though it is only the home folks who see them. Their influence is more potent than words can tell with children, who express the home atmosphere as soon as they can talk. They reflect their elders to the outside world in little things which seem trifles, but are sure indices of the daily living.

Many a woman has lost the love of her husband because she so entirely put away, after her marriage, the pretty graces of manner and personal attire which had won his love and made her the one woman in all the world in his eyes. And many a man has descended from his pedestal and become somewhat lower than the angels in his wife's thought because he forgot that she was a lady, even though she were his wife.

There is no need of this in either case, but one thing is certain: If ever there be a time when a married couple should strive their hardest to be charming, each to the other, it is when the honeymoon is passed by and the prosaic duties begin to press heavily day by day, often growing more exacting as the years wear away. It is so easy a matter for coldness to follow carelessness; so easy to let the fire go out upon the home altar for lack of replenishing, and so hard to re-kindle when once it has gone down to ashes. The law that familiarity breeds contempt unless it be tempered with respect, rules here as elsewhere.

What does the opening remark mean, then, do you ask? What relaxation can there be from social obligations if one is obliged to be just as much on guard in the home circle as out of it?

If by being "on guard" one means the being a lady or gentleman, always and everywhere, in the home or out of it, then perhaps there is no relaxation. Is there, however, no rest in the thought that you are with those who love you, and who will not look at you critically should you chance to fail to be at your brightest?

Hours come to all when silence and self-communion seem to be, for the time, necessities. In the real home these may be indulged in without fear of unkind comment. A need of rest will be recognized there, when the social world, which expects to be amused, will regard it with impatience. No mask is needed to cover your real feelings should you be in trouble or sorrow, though affection may prompt you to make as light of it as possible. No one can wear the heart upon the sleeve out into society, without its being plucked with rude and cruel, or indifferent but curious hands. In the home it will be guarded with sacred care, and no thought of its safety need be taken.

Ah, yes, there is "relaxation," in the true home, a rest and freedom found nowhere else in the whole wide world, but it is the freedom which comes from obedience to the higher law of unselfish love, rather than the license of a weak yielding to the grosser and material parts of human nature.

SEND THEM IN—A WORD TO THE WOMEN WHO READ THE BLADE.

So many inquiries come from time to time to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD regarding the noted women of America—those whose work has made them prominent—that to answer them she will write a series of articles giving some account of the lives and characters of these persons, each article being accompanied whenever possible with the picture of the individual. This series will run over a period of three months, beginning the middle of November, or the first of December, the exact period depending upon the time consumed in their preparation.

In order that this series may include those most interesting to the largest number, Miss Bouton would like to receive from each member of the HOUSEHOLD, or woman reader of the BLADE, a postal card upon which is the name of the American woman of prominence now living, whom the sender most desires to know about. These postals will be received until November 1, at which time they will be assorted, and the twelve names which have received the largest number of votes will be those selected for the series. Do not fail to send in your preference as early as possible. We hope to hear from every member. Address your postals, thus:

THE BLADE,
Toledo,
Ohio.
Household Dept.

We ask every reader of the HOUSEHOLD to read carefully the offer made in the first column of the fourth page of this issue of the BLADE, headed, "Only Ten Cents," and then to use all efforts to send us clubs, under it. We propose that the BLADE shall keep at the head of the newspaper column.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATIONS.

ABOUT PORTIERES.—Some one writes to know something about these articles. It is rather difficult to give definite directions when ignorant of what kind of a place they are to fill, but a few general hints may be acceptable.

In the first place they may be for use or entirely for ornament. If the former thick stuffs are employed. If the latter, madras of pretty pattern, or a mixture of madras and silks are pretty. The madras is thrown carelessly over the pole, reaching the floor upon one side, then tossed a second time carelessly to the other side where it may fall half way down. The beauty depends entirely upon the artistic arrangement. Sometimes there is a width of silk put down upon the side that reaches the floor. The color should be in harmony with the coloring of the room.

Different materials are used for thick portieres. Turcoman cloth is a favorite, or if you want to make some that are not so expensive, get blue denim, and etch some conventional pattern all over it in shades of red or yellow, line it with some bright color of silk, and you have very handsome portieres at small expense.

The materials for portieres are varied. A visit to a place where such things are kept will help you out greatly. Few are now hung by rings, plain and straight, but disposed in some pretty way over the pole, so as to look less studied.—ED.

All copies of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" were gone some weeks ago, and yet some orders still come, only to be returned. A new one may be published in November.—ED.

DECORATIVE WORK IN OIL COLORS—DESIGN FOR OVAL OR ROUND PANEL.—Procure the lid of a tobacco bucket, and first sand-paper it. Then give it one coat of Eremnitz white paint. Add a few drops of drying paints to the paint so that it will dry rapidly. When this is dry apply a coat of very black. Use a good-sized brush to apply the paint, and then blend it in perfectly with a No. 2 blender.

Let this coat of black dry thoroughly. The design selected is a spray of Golden Rod, size 8x13. Stamp with white powder. The following materials will be needed to execute the design: Two red sable brushes, one No. 2, also No. 4; bottle pale drying oil, and the following tube oil colors: Lemon yellow, chrome yellow, No. 1; light zinnaber green, terre verte green. First give your design a coat of white. Let this dry, and then apply colors in the following manner: Mix a little chrome yellow and lemon yellow with a little zinnaber green. Apply the color to golden rod with the No. 2 brush, and a circular up and down motion as you would pound meat. Take the color up right on point of brush and it will not be hard to apply in this way.

When your paint is dry, a piece of heavy rope, fastened with small tacks, can be put around edge of lid for a frame. Then bronze the rope. Where it comes together tie it in a fancy knot. To bronze it, varnish well, let stand a few moments, then with a brush dipped in gold bronze powder go thoroughly over every part. If prepared pattern No. 1,191—Thistles—size 7x10 could be used. The same shades of green on stems and leaves with white and ivory black to make a silvery tint for a "ripe thistle," and permanent blue mixed with rose madder for shades of purple. Questions in regard to this department will be answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply, and for four cents postage a catalogue giving the sizes of patterns will be sent.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

TIDY.—I have something new in fancy work which I think will please the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD. It is my own invention and I think entirely new, and if not strictly pretty, it is at least unique. It is a crazy crochet lace tidy. For the middle I placed a square of spider web, and around that I laid other different crocheted lace, different sizes and patterns; none alike. I sewed them together, and had the edges of the sampler to edge the tidy, as I wanted to crochet an edge on for that tidy instead of using the sampler. The tidy is quite large, there being seventy-four different patterns of lace in it. It is very pretty and odd. Try it yourselves and see if you are not pleased with the result.—ADELE.

BED-SPREAD.—It is made of white momie cloth; has a deep hem; above which is an insertion six inches wide, of torchon or crocheted lace. The edge of the hem is scalloped and full of lace. Bequets of daisies are thickly powdered over the surface of the spread, and are worked solidly in white crewels. This is a dainty, beautiful bed covering, easily made, and washes as well as any Marseilles quilt. These spreads are made very large and are to be thrown over the bed, covering the pillows.—ADELE.

We hope our correspondent will continue to give the HOUSEHOLD the benefit of her excellent suggestions. We have some more from her pen for next week.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; o, over; t, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sl st, chain slip stitch; s ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c 5 st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DOUBLE FENCE-ROW LACE.—Cast on 20 stitches. Knit every other row like 1st. 1st row—sl 1—o—n—o—knit the rest plain; 2 drow—o p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 8; 4th row—o—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n; 6th row—o—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 7—o—n—o—n; 8th row—o p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 8—o—n—o—n; 10th row—o—p 2 tog—k 1—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 9—o—n—o—n; 12th row—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n 14th row—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—o—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n; 16th row—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o—n—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n; 18th row—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—n—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n; 20th row—o—p 2 tog—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—o—n—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n. Begin at first row again.—MRS. NELLIE FOSBURGH.

CROCHETED FRENCH EDGE.—This is worked crosswise. Make a chain of 13 stitches. Work a shell of 3 d c, 1 ch—3 d c in the 10th st (counting from right to left), then 3 ch and 1 d c in the end st of ch—turn—7 ch—place another shell in the 4th st of the preceding one—3 ch—1 d c in the 4th st of the adjoining loop—turn—7 ch—1 sh of 7 sts—3 ch and 8 d c with 2 s c between in the loop—turn—2 s c 5 ch, 5 times, inserting the needle in each d c of preceding round—2 s c—turn—3 ch—1 sh—3 ch—1 d c inserted in 4th st of loop. Continue as above. In the second and each succeeding scallop, unite the first s c of the round with the last s c of former scallop.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEA FOR THE GIRLS.—In looking over the HOUSEHOLD this evening, Kate Frisbee's article on a few wrinkles attracts my attention and arouses my sympathy in behalf of the girls. Says the writer, "Why are our girls so thoughtless, so little able to be trusted?" and she goes on to say because they do not cultivate thoughtfulness. I'll tell you why it is. The sole reason is that the girls' mothers do not place confidence sufficient in their daughters. Why don't mothers *teach* their girls to be thoughtful? Why don't you mothers allow your girls to help you in home matters? Plan with them, and let them assume some responsibility, thus giving them something to think about.

I have heard a number of mothers say they would rather do the work than be bothered teaching their girls. Is this the way to bring up and educate our girls into thoughtful, trusty young women? Now my dear readers cast your eyes over that letter of our worthy friend Kate Frisbee, then put on your thinking caps and in the end some of you will, I am sure, agree with me that, unless mothers instill into the minds of their daughters while young the necessity of doing their part in life and cheerfully assuming the duties thrust upon them, teaching them that every individual has some purpose or life-work to perform—that, unless they do this they should not censure them for "thoughtlessness and frivolty."

And again our friend is somewhat unjust in her comparisons. She says: "The young ladies of the present century are inferior in many respects to those of the past." Now, reader, of course, there are exceptions in all cases, but are there not some just as true, thoughtful, noble examples of womanhood at the present day as any record will show of the past? Who can deny but that the world is growing more and more enlightened every day? Young women of to-day are as far ahead of those of a century ago in regard to intellect and refinement as the sun is above the earth. The progress woman has made, politically, socially and intellectually, is the crowning feature of the nineteenth century. We often hear the long ago termed "the good old days of our grandmothers." Is there a member of the HOUSEHOLD who would be willing to go back to those "good old days" with no sound above the spinning wheel or a patchwork quilt, whose young men, when choosing a partner for life, sized up their young lady acquaintances, as regards to which were the best worker, and carried off the prize accordingly? The young men of to-day do not choose their wives with the eyes of a servant. They want congenial companionship, one to share their weal or woe, as the case may be, and in my opinion the majority of girls are striving to make themselves worthy the affection of such young men.

People need not suppose that because our girls do not talk of how many pounds of feathers our geese yielded this summer, or the number of ducks and chickens we raised or how many pairs of socks father and the boys wear out in a year, etc., etc., that they are less industrious and energetic than formerly. No, it is because they have more intellect, deeper thought and sentiment, a wider scope for conversation and reflection than ducks, geese and patch-work quilts.

Now girls come to the front and defend your "rights."—PLUCK, Oxford, Kansas.

CAKE BAKING.—First, have your hair smooth, a clean apron on and your hands clean. Second, place all the articles on the table your recipe calls for, butter the tins you will use and sift your flour and baking powder together; now you are ready to put your cake together; a crock or deep dish is the nicest to mix in, a wooden spoon to stir with. Now mix your butter and sugar to a cream, add your milk and flavoring, beat your eggs very light and add, now your flour and powder, stir till there is no little lumps, and your cake is ready to bake. Be sure your oven is just right. If your cake is to be a thick one place a paper on the bottom of your oven and set your cake on; then make a cap of thick brown paper by pinning the four corners down and rounding off with the shears, and set over, to prevent a thick crust. I always line my pans with the thin paper grocers keep to cover butter, and the grease that has struck through the cream loosens the paper in a few minutes so you can take it right off. Now, if you want to put your frosting on in fancy shapes, make a funnel-shaped tube of writing paper and fill it with your frosting, and run it on as taste dictates.—TOPSY.

ABOUT THE HUSBANDS.—It is vastly amusing to sit quietly by and listen, as it were, to the many opinions expressed by different people on the same subject, and then to compare them with our own views on the matter. It would seem that all those cities in need be raised and all the babies saved and properly trained into healthy, well-mannered, lovable children, if the HOUSEHOLD'S advice has been followed. Now, however, we come to something more important, as to size at least. Our husbands.

I feel deeply for our friend M. D., and were I she, it should be my first object to find out the cause of such seeming neglect. If it is absolute fatigue, why does he not retire? Try him. Invite in a few friends for the evening and see if he cannot keep awake and enjoy himself; if so, keep it up, but do not overdo the matter, until the habit is broken, for I do believe nine times out of ten it is habit. Perhaps formed in the start in getting a little dozy while sitting before the fire reading the paper, after coming in from a day's work in the wind, or at least a cold walk home, and allowing his feelings full sway, he sleeps while his good wife is doing up the tea things. She, coming in the room full of talk and anticipations of a pleasant visit, after being kept in all day, by work or storm, or both, is disappointed, and says he must be very tired, indeed, to have dropped asleep in his chair; her love goes out to him afresh so she will not awake him, but swallows her chagrin and sits down to entertain herself with her own thoughts, just as she has during the whole day, while he, in whatever occupation, has had some one with whom to exchange thoughts and discuss the leading topics of the day. He probably does not mean to be selfish, but is simply thoughtless. If the plan suggested does not work, try another. Failing in all, submit with as good grace as possible and try to enjoy life with reading, music and fancy work, congratulating yourself that he is not at the club or saloon gambling and drinking. There is always something to be thankful for if we only stop to think.

I can scarcely hope M. D. will ever see these words in her behalf, as there are so many offerings so much more worthy to fill the space this would take, but I shall feel better to know I have an interest in the HOUSEHOLD, even though it be in a basket.—GOLDIE.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please give a recipe for making unleavened bread.—M. B. A.

I will send apricot seeds to any one sending self-addressed stamped envelope.—I would like to correspond with some young lady living in California.—MISS MINNIE SCOTT, White Mills, Hardin county, Ky.

Will "Z. A." who asks for recipe to bleach hair send full name and address to—MAY HALLADAY, Ottawa, Ill.

Will some reader of the Household who has the words, "The Lips that touch Liquor Shall Never touch Mine" please so so kind as to send them to—MISS MARY HORN, Guide Rock, Neb.

Will some one give directions for home made furniture and the draping thereof?—LILLIE.

Will some one tell me if there is any difference between the Diamond Dye and Diamond Dye paints?—MRS. S. G. B.

Will some one send plain directions for making tufted pincushions on railroad canvas?—Miss EMMA WHICKER, Stilesville, Ind.

Can any of the readers of the BLADE send me specimens of minerals, stones and shells? I will pay postage on them.—F. E. R.

I am a country school teacher and my resources are limited. Will some of the good friends send me something suitable for recitations, both prose and poetry?—LYDIA WARD, Silck Rock, Barren Co., Ky.

In reading the Home Talks of the BLADE, I was wondering if you would tell me of some firm that a lady would care to become an agent for during the fall. I would prefer some work that I could travel by railroad or from one town to another. I have not the education to teach, and would like to do something what I spoke of above.—M. E.

We can give no names of firms who wish agents. It would be well for you to advertise in some paper for what you wish, or get some friend among business people to advise you.—ED.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

I have seen several requests for renovating feathers, the last one in WEEKLY BLADE of September 20, 1888. I have a good recipe, and as no one has answered I presume it is my duty to send it: Take iron kettle, fill with feathers, and build a small fire underneath and stir them constantly. Keep the feathers in motion. Be very careful and not burn them. The uncleanliness will settle to the bottom of kettle. If carefully done, are equal to new feathers.—MRS. G. D. A., Crestline, O.

I tried arsenic for ants, and I've never seen but one since, and that one was only investigating I guess. Cure for tobacco habit, is chewing the stalks of plantain leaves. Will some who tried it report for the good of others? I mix my stove blacking with turpentine, and 'tis much less work to black the stove nicely.—FANNY FITCH, Little Falls, N. Y.

I wanted to thank those that sent samples of spider web lace to me, and to say also that I received about 30 patterns, and that it is impossible for me to reply to all. I have knit a good many patterns of the fan lace and sent to some that sent the spider web, but if any of you who read this did not get any, I hope you will understand the situation. I will never be foolish enough to make such an offer again. I got patterns from Maine to California.—BELLE C. LARSH, Southfort, Ind.

We insert this letter in order to be able to say that we cannot take up room for letters of thanks of subscribers for favors received, unless under very exceptional circumstances, and then we must be the judge. If persons receive an accumulation of letters in consequence of some kindly offer, they must take the responsibility of answering them or not as they choose, but we cannot take the space for the purpose.—ED.

I promised to tell you how to use those pie melons through the BLADE. I hope the kind editor will publish it for the benefit of over 1,200 patrons, for I have received that many letters asking for seeds, all of which I forwarded except a few who did not send either stamped envelope or seeds in return. As it is now time to commence useing the pie melon I will tell how to prepare it. First cook till tender, then add enough good vinegar to make it as tart as sour apples. Sweeten to your taste and use any spice you choose and it is ready for your pies. Make first as you would green apple pies, then if you want butter rub through a colender and proceed as you would with apples, except of course you have to add vinegar. Some use tartaric acid and cider which is very nice, but a little more expensive.—MRS. W. H. PEPPER, Woodruff, Kan.

I have seen inquiries time after time, asking how to break a cow from sucking herself. I will tell how I cured mine. It has been three years since, and she has missed as high as three milkings at a time. I tried everything that I could hear of but baking a slice off of the side of her tongue, and intended to have that done, but accidentally found a better way. This is how it came about: I happened to get a little buttermilk in the water that I mixed her bran with, and she would not touch it. I let some buttermilk get very sour and took a small cupful with me when I went to milk, and when I got done milking I wet her flank and udder with the milk, and the result was, I cured my cow from sucking herself. I dont know whether this will cure every self-sucker or not. Mine was a heifer. It is cheap, so all may try it. I forgot to say I only used this remedy twice a day for about a week.—J. H.

RECIPES.

CELERY SAUCE.—A good sauce for fowls, either rosted or broiled, is made as follows: Wash and pare a bunch of celery, cut it into pieces and boil till tender. To this add ½ pt. of cream and a small piece of butter rolled in flour and boil it gently.

CHILI SAUCE.—Peel and slice 1 doz. ripe tomatoes; add four onions chopped fine; 6 tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, 2 of salt, 4 teacupfuls of vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 2 of cloves, 1 of cayenne pepper. Boil 2 hours and seal in glass jars.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Wash and pick 1 qt. of ripe cranberries and put into a saucepan with a teacupful of water. Stew slowly, stirring often until they are soft and mash as marmalade. Then should cook at least 1½ hours. Sweeten abundantly with white sugar when you take them from the fire. If sweetened while cooking the color will be bad. Put them into a mold and set aside to get cold.

MINT SAUCE FOR ROAST LAMB.—To ½ a coffeecupful of vinegar add a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and 3 tablespoonfuls of green mint chopped fine. Stir them while heating and cool before using.

ONION PUREE SAUCE.—Take 6 onions, peel and cut them in slices and put in a stew-pan with ¼ lb. of butter, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 of sugar and ½ of pepper. Let them simmer on a slow fire till in a pulp, stirring now and then to keep them from getting brown; add 1 pt. of milk and 1 tablespoonful of flour and boil till a little thicker than melted butter; pass through a tammy, warm again and serve with mutton chops, cutlets, boiled rabbits or fowl; if not passed through a tammy it will do for roast mutton and boiled rabbit as onion sauce.

OYSTER SAUCE.—Drain the liquor from 1 pt. of oysters. Melt 2 ozs. of butter in a saucepan, stir into it 1 oz of flour and add to this by degrees the liquor from the oysters. When the mixture boils throw into it the oysters and boil all together until the leaves of the fish begin to shrivel. Throw in ½ teaspoonful of pepper, ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, and, having boiled ½ pt. of milk in a separate saucepan, stir it in also; then remove the saucepan from the fire at once or the milk will curdle and the sauce be ruined.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Select a large head of cabbage that is white inside and chop it fine. Beat 4 eggs with a large teaspoonful of mustard, 2 of salt, a tablespoonful of white sugar, 1 of butter the size of an egg; put the butter into ½ pt. of vinegar and let it come to a boil, then add the egg, stirring briskly to make it smooth; the hot vinegar will cook the eggs enough. Pour this dressing over the cabbage while hot, put in a tablespoonful of celery and add a little cayenne pepper.

CELERY SALAD.—Two boiled eggs, 1 raw egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or oil, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of mustard, ½ teaspoonful of pepper, ½ teacupful of vinegar. Rub the yolks of eggs smooth, then add the oil, mustard, etc., the vinegar last. Cut the celery into pieces ½ in. long. Set all in a cool place. Just before serving sprinkle over a little salt and black pepper, then pour over the dressing. If you have any cold fowl, chicken or turkey left from which ner chop it up and mix it with some of the above—equal proportions of both—and it will make a delicious salad; or a few oysters left in the tureen will be a great addition to the celery salad.

The above recipes were taken from "Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book," published by Locke Publishing company, Toledo, O.

TIN PLATING RECIPE.—I send you the recipe to publish in your valuable paper, for it is so extensively taken that if any one wants it they can have it without paying such exorbitant prices as I do for it, those using it, which is from $225 to $500. It is good on every day knives and forks, but entirely ruins silverware, and what every one has to pay, $1 for plating silver forks and spoons, they can go to the hardware store and buy for 30 to 50 cents per dozen and will wear brighter, for if it is put on silverware it will turn black and look like lead. First get a crucible about nine inches deep, the length of knife blades, and an oil stove, common tin, which can be bought at any hardware store at 22 to 28 cents per pound, and this will coat from six to eight dozen knives and forks. This metal is melted in the crucible. Second, muriatic acid with all the zinc it will eat, and after being strained, put in some muriate of ammonia. This is to dip the knife in before they are dipped in the hot tin. This somtion is the same that is used by all tinners in soldering. Now in the cooling process some use kerosene oil, and others use carbonate of ammonia in hot water. This is all there is to the recipe, but some will tell that there is silver or nickel in it, but there is not one cent's worth. These metals will not melt with any heat that knives would stand, for the heat with which the tin is melted ruins a great many knives so they break while using, especially fine steel. All silver or nickel is put on with battery process, and the above recipe will ruin all silverware for replating with silver.—ADELE M. DEERING.

The Owner of Mary's Lamb.

Very few of the thousands who have learned and repeated the story of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" know of its origin. It is generally supposed to be a myth, but that is evidently not the case, as the real owner of the white-fleeced pet is still living in Somerville, Mass. Her name is Mary E. Tyler, and she gives her age as 82. The episode that made her famous occurred about 75 years ago. The lamb, she says, became very much attached to her because she saved its life. As to the description of the antics of the animal while at school Mrs. Tyler says it was written by John Roulstone, a medical student, who was paying the institution of learning a visit on one occasion when the lamb created considerable excitement among the children.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla." "Hops and Buchu Remedy," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Hair Tonic," Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

And Now a Woman Talks to the Parrot.

New York Press.

"Ugh! the tariff is a tax," remarked the Bowery parrot yesterday, as he shook off the cinder that an elevated train, just gone by, had thrown into its feathers.

A pretty little seamstress looked out of a second story window then and said: "Birdie, I guess you are mistaken this time. Do you see this needle on my sewing machine?"

"The tariff is a tax," responded the parrot.

"The tariff on sewing machine needles," said the seamstress, "is 35 per cent. And yet the report of the finance department of Canda for year ending in 1887 shows that Canada imported 12,491 sewing machine needles from us, to 6,175 imported from England, with the Canadian tariff the same on both. That shows that our needles are cheaper, doesn't it?"

But the parrot only replied: "The tariff is a tax."

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them we will give away 1,000 of our celebrated self operating washing machines. No wash-board or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to the MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

WHITMORE, NEB.

Loton R. DeWolf,	Bert W. Allen,
Athur C. Thisselle,	E. W. Cook,
Samuel N. Wilson,	Mary Doughtee,
Fred W. DeWolf,	Elnora Sheets,
Loucious Cook,	Maud H. Wilson,
Geo. J. Delarm,	Lucy Delarm,
S. N. Myers,	Julia Durkee,
Mary E. Durkee,	Elvina Wilson,
Alice Mansfield,	Edith Cook,
Mary D. Cook,	Jacob Miller.

Names this week, 20. Total 24,270.

The above embraces all names received up to October 11.

THE TRAVELED BUMBLE-BEE.

A bumble-bee belted with brown and gold,
On a purple clover sat;
His wild whiskers were shaggy, his clothes were old,
And he wore a shabby hat;
But his song was loud, and his merry eye
Was full of laughter and fun,
As he watched the bob-o'-links flutter by,
And spread his wings in the sun,

A butterfly spangled with yellow and red,
Came flying along that way;
He had two little feathers on his head,
And his coat was Quaker gray;
He carried a parasol made of blue,
And wore a purple vest;
And seeing the bumble-bee, down he flew,
And lit on a daisy's crest.

Then from the grass by a mossy stone
A cricket and beetle came;
One with black garb, while the other shone
Like an opal's changing flame;
A swaying buttercup's golden bloom
Bent down with the beetle's weight,
And high on a timothy's rounded plume
The cricket chirruped elate.

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands
Where tropical rivers flow;
Of wide seas rolling up shining sands,
And mountains with caps of snow;
Of great broad plains, with flower-gems bright,
Of forests, whose fragrant glooms
Showed crumbling ruins, ghostly and white,
Old forgotten nations' tombs.

Then wisely the beetle winked his eye;
The cricket grew staid and still,
The butterfly, in his great surprise,
Went sailing over the hill;
The beetle scrambled beneath his stone,
The cricket, he gave a hop,
And there the bumble-bee sat alone
On the purple clover top.

A BIRD-SPIDER.

BY S. S. CLAYES.

I had seen spiders everywhere, and observed their habits a little, but had not felt the interest in them which I had felt in other creeping things, until there came into my possession a spider known as the *Mygale*, or bird-spider.

He was a travelled fellow, having come all the way from Central America, hidden in some logwood, and he was wonderfully interesting.

When brought to me he was shut up in a fruit jar lest he escape, for that was too close quarters for a spider of his size, and I soon transferred him to a cage, two sides of which were covered with wire netting large enough to give him plenty of room.

Then I began to study him and his habits.

His body was about two inches long; the abdomen was covered with long brown hairs, and the thorax was smoother, and marked with reddish lines, which, starting from each side, met at a spot hollowed out near its base. At the top of the thorax the eyes were located, collected in a group in one spot.

From the front of the thorax projected the two mandibles which serve as sheathes for the falces or talons. These were of enormous size brightly polished and bent downward like the claws of a beast of prey. They serve as weapons of defence, and give the spider a most formidable appearance.

On the underside of the thorax, between the mandibles, was the mouth; and a fierce looking mouth it was, being surrounded by bright red hair, and surmounted by shining falces.

Issuing from the extremity of the abdomen were the spinnerets, which he could project at will, and from which he sent out a sheet of web.

Looked at from one standpoint, my pet was an ugly looking fellow, but to one interested in such things he was very curious.

When first put in his new quarters, a dish of water was given him, and some flies, and for a few days he did nicely, sleeping all day, and at dusk beginning the tour of his cage—for this spider was nocturnal in his habits, and could only be observed by night.

After a few days he seemed to tire of flies, so I changed his diet, giving him crickets and grasshoppers, and I also put in his cage a large piece of logwood full of cracks and holes, for I knew that in his native home he loved to hide in holes and under the bark of trees.

For crickets he had no liking, but the grasshoppers tickled his palate, and after that he ate little else.

His table manners were very unique, and it was very curious to see him eat a grasshopper.

Slowly he watched his chance, and springing upon it seized it with the hooks that terminate the feet, and quicker than thought carried to the mandibles, when the poison soon ended poor grasshopper's pain. After holding it till quiet dead, he laid it down, and, turning around, projected the long spinnerets, and carefully wrapped a thin sheet of web all about it; then examining over it, he turned the sharp talons, hooked up the victim (the web still clinging to the floor,) and apparently bracing his feet on his web, began to eat his supper.

In this process he followed strictly hygienic rules, for he ate most slowly.

At first he simply grasped the insect, but gradually drew the whole into his mouth, and then chewed and chewed till all the juices were extracted, and only a small brown wad remained, which he cast aside.

It took him about an hour to eat one grasshopper, and he devoted his whole attention to it.

I have read that such spiders spin no web, but this one spun a little in the night on the floor of his cage, seemingly of no use, but I suppose in the economy of spiders it served a purpose.

He was a dainty fellow, spending much time in combing and smoothing himself. Often I watched him take what I called a bath. Standing on the floor of his cage, and lifting one leg, he would draw it through his mouth, combing it with his mandibles, and seeming to smooth all the hairs down; he repeated this process several times on each leg, frequently rubbing them back over his body after the manner of a cat washing its face.

When he drank, he stepped quite into the dish, and seemed to suck up the water with the greatest enjoyment; and he enjoyed having water in his cage, for he often dipped his feet in as if to moisten them.

As soon as daylight came, he crawled into a crevice into the logwood, and there slept till evening, seldom coming out unless to drink, or when disturbed, and even then he seemed dazed and stupid.

When October came, the grasshoppers were all gone, and Prof. Garman, of the Agassiz Museum, with whose name you are familar, kindly took him and kept him all winter.

During the winter he ate but little—a bit of raw beef and some water seemed to satisfy him—and in the spring I was going to give him a home, but being obliged to go away, I gave him to the professor to kill and mount for the museum, for I had not the heart to kill my pet myself.

His was an eventful life—born in the woods of Central America, brought across the sea in a stick of logwood, and given a home in a wire cage, to be studied and viewed by interested or curious eyes, and at last to find a place on the shelves of the Agassiz museum.

It is said that at home they feed on humming birds, and when I used to give him his "daily bread" of grasshoppers, I sometimes wondered whether he missed his dainter food, and felt a homesick longing for his own warmer home from which he was exiled; but if he felt it, he had the courtesy not to show it, and appeared most grateful for my care and attention, and I, in turn, became attached to him, and have very pleasant memories of my pet from Central America.—*Swiss Cross.*

AUNT MARY'S PETS.

My two nephews, Charley and David, had come to pay us their usual summer visit, and one day I set out with them for a long walk, to hunt for butterflies, and grasshoppers and May-flies, and other curious things. But as we were looking about among the stones and grass, suddenly I saw two creatures basking in the sun on a large stone, and I felt sure they must be lizards, from pictures I had seen of them in books. None of us had ever seen a live lizard before; and we immediately forgot all about the butterflies, and resolved not to go home till we had caught a lizard. But we soon found that this was easier said than done; for on the slightest rustling of the grass and leaves they darted off and hid among the loose stones which lay about. After spending an hour in this way, I began to think we must give it up, when Charley called out, "Oh, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! I've caught one!" And so, sure enough, he had. We all sat down on the grass, and examined it at liesure; and great was the admiration we bestowed upon its bright black eyes its pretty forepaws, with little claws like a bird's, but especially on its beautiful skin, closely covered with shining scales. It was like a coat of mail, I thought; Charley compared it to mamma's mosaic brooch; and David said it was covered with little shells. At last our prize was deposited in my epoket handkerchief, and we proceeded homeward in triumph; but so often did the boys insist on stopping to open a corner of the handkerchief, and peep in to make sure that it was still there, that I feared that it would make its escape before the end of our journey. However, I managed to keep my prisoner safe, and David's shouts soon informed the household that we had captured and brought home a real live lizard.

The next day, Streaky, as we called him, who had at first been very wild, scratching furiously to get out, was somewhat subdued, and snapped up some flies which we offered him, with considerable relish. But, alas! in a few days the boys were to return home, and I must go with them to see them safely there, and bring back with me their younger brother Robbie, who had been prevented from coming with them by an attack of the measles. And what was to become of poor Streaky then? for we could not expect much from the tender mercies of cook; and as for grandma, she was afraid to go near him. At last a bright idea struck me. We made a box of strong pasteboard, about a foot square and four inches deep; one side was formed by a piece of glass, and half the top was covered by another piece, the other half being closed with a lid hinged on to the glass with a strip of leather; and with great delight we put him into it, first furnishing it with some dry moss for a bed, and a little shallow saucer of water. For we had discovered that he was a thirsty creature, and would come and lap up the water like a dog, with his curious forked tongue, which I believe is one the things that made people afraid of him, though it cannot hurt anybody. Finally, I made a little hole, just large enough to admit a fly, in one corner of the box and tied the lid securely down; and then the boys went off in triumph to show the whole affair to grandma, to assure her that Streaky could not possibly escape, or to do her any harm, and to beg her to put in a fly now and then through the little hole that he might be kept alive till Aunt Mary's return. Now I knew very well that the dear old lady could not refuse the boys anything, and still less could she bear to see any creature starve before her eyes: so I set off next day with a tolerably easy mind, feeling pretty sure that she would overcome her fears so far as to do what they asked.

It was a fortnight before Robbie could travel; and having heard a great deal about Streaky, he became quite feverish as we got near our journey's end, with anxiety to know if he were still alive, or if grandma had suffered him to starve through fear of his teeth. I leave you to fancy his delight and my amusement, when we found that she had become not only reconciled to her charge, but actually so

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON "SUICIDE."

The American Conscience in Need of a Toning Up on the Subject—Infidelity and Agnosticism the Main Cause of Suicide.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 14.—At the Tabernacle this morning, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Acts xvi, 28 and 29: "He drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm." The sermon was as follows:

Here is a would be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free. And the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and thinking that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's axe of the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command: "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life intolerable. Lycurgus a suicide. Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the pains aroused all the attendants, and it was only through the utmost medical skill he was rescued from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthrophy are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it becomes disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall life a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that ever lived have committed self destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane, you may know from the kind way he treated the maniac of Gadara, the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He came of the best Highland blood, and was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second sight. His stalwart manhood was spent he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sandstone.

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning fork on the rocks of Cromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. All the books entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and the "Testimony of the Rocks" proclaimed the banns of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he toiled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," "What various hindrances we meet," "There is a fountain filled with blood." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he strived to take his own life and rode to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable:

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelations xxi, 8: "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelations xii, 15: "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then perhaps, you believe the Ten Command ments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in your life. He made you the custodian of your life as he made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep, it is treason to a natural law and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the heapless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in statue chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him; and when the servant declines, then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide. Here is Ahithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend David in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post mortem photograph in the book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statute to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of his pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man has his own hand hung up for the execration of all the ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had—what with his destroyed property, and his body all aflame with unspeakable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife, and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it, and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious death of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase.

What is the cause? A charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes; there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected him.

You say it is a business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, and not the other thing. Why not a clear back my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there is nothing to say "religious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity always has been apologetic for self immolation After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owens deliver his infidel lecture on socialism and went home, shut down and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the most debased characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?" And having written the essay mentioned, he gave it to a dear friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstance, were apologetic for self immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world to the next. The touch that does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of the people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of the world, you will land safely, the Hudson and the East rivers would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a street car.

I have sometimes heard it discussed whether the great dramatist was a Christian or not. I do not know, but I know that he considered appreciation of a future existence the mightiest hindrance to self-destruction.

For who could bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will?

Would God the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, and when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life"; in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self slaughter."

Oh, Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God, and angels, and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nation, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou destroyer! Infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sops and groans of the families thou hast blinded, and roll on the bed of lurkers which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friend, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than others. Christ himself was tempted to cast himself from the roof of the temple; but he resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone to be married in the New Jerusalem. The friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at 12 o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at 11 and 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead up from earthly bondage. By his grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Cæsus gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as has been a chain of iron. For the asking—and I do not know to whom I speak in this august assemblage, but the word may be especially appropriate—for your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letter from the "delectable orchard of the Leonine prison."

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self immolation or impenitency. All our sins slain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a church divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

THE poultice which draws out a man's virtues is the sod that covers his grave. If you don't want all your virtues known too soon, regulate your regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood which gives sound health. Largest bottle in market—120 doses for $1. Druggists.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Mrs. Cleveland has returned to Washington.

New attempt to colonize Oklahoma is on foot.

A statue of Shakespeare has been unveiled in Paris with great ceremony.

At Montreal counterfeit one and five dollar American bills are in circulation.

Ries, chief of Milwaukee police, removed on charges of inefficiency made by Mayor Brown.

Queen Margaret will not go to Naples with Emperor William. The Neapolitans are disappointed.

Forty thousand copies of Dr. Mackenzie's book have been seized by the police of Leipsic.

Natives of Zanzibar have attacked and destroyed Madunola, a German station near Bagamayo.

Don M. Dickinson is confined to his rooms in Washington with a heavy cold and symptoms of pneumonia.

Baltimore family of seven poisoned by drinking milk which had stood in a can 24 hours. They recovered.

Emperor William's visit to Rome created a better impression at St. Petersburg than did his visit to Vienna.

The government of Morrocco persists in a refusal to salute the Portuguese flag. The dispute is becoming acute.

The Young Men's Library building at Atlanta was badly damaged by fire last night. Loss probably $8,000; insured.

Col. C. J. Brewster, of Laredo, Texas, has been nominated by the Republicans for Congress to oppose W. H. Crain.

Eight desperadoes escaped from jail at Waco, Tex., by overpowering the guard. They were all recaptured in a few hours.

Miss Anna Taylor, grand-daughter of the American Gen. Taylor, was married at Heil Bonn, Germany, to Herr Heibling Barrester.

The semi-official Berlin papers abuse Doctor Mackenzie's book in unmeasured terms. They do not attempt, however, to refute his statements.

The Dean of Winchester and many other members of the English clergy have contributed to the fund for the relief of evicted families in Ireland.

The press of Rome, with the exception of the clerical papers, rejoice over the approaching visit of Emperor William and emphasize its importance.

Two thousand miners employed by Cohoba Coal mining company at Bloctom, Ala., have gone on a strike against a reduction from 50 to 45 cents a ton.

The President has approved the act providing for life saving stations at Kewaunee, Wis., Plum Island, Mass., Lynn Haven Inlet, Va., and at several other points.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, the Prohibition candidate for President, has arrived in Columbus to attend the exercises of Prohibition Day at the Ohio Centennial to-day.

It is said that Germany, without directly intervening in the Tunisian school question, will recommend that the French government settle matters amicably with Italy.

The French government has issued an order forbidding the reception of foreign officers in the military colleges of France, and also forbidding their service in the army.

The pope is making arrangements for the holding of a consistory at which he will deliver an allocution concerning the visit to His Holiness of the Emperor of Germany.

The Harrison delegation Saturday consisted of the Young men's Republican club of Milwaukee, 300 strong, and a similar number of the German-American club of Chicago.

The Presbyterian church on Mt. Auburn (Cincinnati, of which Geo. D. Spinning is pastor, has burned. It is thought the fire had been smouldering since Sunday. Loss $15,000; insurance $10,000.

A block of buildings adjoining one of the blocks on Buchanan street, in Glasgow, that was destroyed by fire last week, collapsed this morning, causing a loss of £50,000. The fire caused a loss of £110,000.

Negotiations have been entered into by the German representatives in Zanzibar with a view of settling the differences with the natives and preventing further outbreaks. The parleyings are proceeding at Bagomogo.

Advices from Java state that a conspiracy against the Dutch residents has been discovered at Madion. Forty-two of the ringleaders in the movement were arrested and eleven others who refused to surrender were shot.

The fetes in honor of the German Emperor in Rome have been concluded. The Emperor is visiting the various points of interest in Rome, and he will go to Pompeii, where he will witness the unearthing of a number of buried houses.

Capt. Frederick F. Whitehead, of the assistance department of the army, died in Washington last night. He was born in New York but entered the army from Missouri, being appointed first Lieutenant of the 7th Missouri volunteers at the beginning of the war.

The French Chamber of Deputies reassembled to-day. General Boulanger was present at the opening of the session. M. Floquet, the Prime Minister, introduced a bill providing for a revision of the constitution. The introduction of the bill was greeted with applause by the members of the Left.

Two thousand customs officials were employed at Hamburg, yesterday, in collecting from the citizens declarations of the possession of dutiable articles, the duties thereon have belonged to the Hamburg state, but which will in future go into the imperial treasury, Hamburg receiving a military subsidy of five millions of marks annually.

John H. Knapp, president of the great lumber firm of Knapp, Stout & Co., died at Menominee, Mich., yesterday, of cancer of the liver. He had been 42 years the head of the most prosperous lumber concern in the Northwest, having accumulated a capital of many millions of dollars. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., March 20, 1825.

The secretary of the Commercial Travelers' club of Indianapolis has issued a circular to the effect that the commercial travelers have arranged to assemble in mass convention at Indianapolis on the 20th in the interest of protection to American industries. The circular claims every article produced or manufactured in the United States will be represented.

The sensation of the day has been the resignation of all the physicians of the medical bureau at Jacksonville. A communication in a Saturday evening paper gave the expenses of this corps, the cost per man being $600 per month, or $7,000 for the whole corps of fourteen. This made them indignant, and they resigned in a body. The sentiment of the community strongly condemns this precipitate action.

Opinion is almost unanimous that Congress will adjourn or take a long recess, or in some other way bring the session to an end within the present week. There are members of both parties in the Senate who still think the tariff bill should be brought to a vote, but in view of the difficulties they are greatly in the minority, and the situation is such that an adjournment resolution coming from any source is likely to be unanimously adopted.

The Pope was present at the time of Count Herbert Bismarck's visit to Cardinal Rampolla yesterday, and gave a short audience to Count Herbert. The latter declared that the existing cordiales between Germany and Italy would not admit the possibility of the papal claim in favor of Papacy. The Emperor invited Premier Crispi, General Viale, minister of war, and Prof. Boselli, minister of public instruction, to luncheon at the German embassy.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* charges that the words, "I have murdered four and will murder sixteen more before I surrender myself to the police," written by the supposed Whitechapel murderer upon a shutter of a house adjoining the one in the yard of which the body of one of his victims was found, were erased by order of Sir Charles Warren, chief of the London police force, before the authorities had an opportunity to photograph them.

The new steam gunboat Petrel has been successfully launched at Baltimore. The Petrel is 177 feet long; extreme breadth, 31 feet; depth of hold amidships, 15 feet 7 inches; mean draught, 11 feet 10 inches; displacement, 870 tons. Her machinery will be 900 horse-power with natural draft, and 1,350 with forced combustion. Her armament will consist of four six-inch guns, 17 millimeter high-power shot, two 37 millimeter revolvers, and one short Gatling. The bunker capacity is 160 tons of coal, and the complement, 100 men.

The clearing house returns, compared with the corresponding week of last year, is as follows: Decreases—Cincinnati, 11.7; New Orleans, 15.8; Louisville, 0.7; Providence, 9.7; Columbus, 15.05; Wichita, 19.2; Duluth, 9.2; Norfolk, 0.2; Worcester, 0.8; Lowell, 8.9; Syracuse, 12.3. Increases—New York, 0.4; Boston, 10.6; Philadelphia, 5.4; Chicago, 17.3; St. Louis, 13.2; San Francisco, 0.9; Baltimore, 14.8; Pittsburg, 17.4; Kansas City, 73.1; Milwaukee, 11.6; St. Paul, 11.9; Omaha, 37.6; Minneapolis, 40.8; Denver, 54.5; Galveston, 41; Detroit, 34.8.

The Farm.

All readers of the FARM are requested to give particular attention to the offer in the first column of the fourth page of this issue, headed, "Only Ten Cents." We ask you to see that each of you sends at least one new subscriber under it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will any of the readers who know what kind of grape vines will be the best to get for the market? I would like to get the best kind of grapes to sell, early and late. I wish to set out a half acre. How far are the rows to be apart? I wish to put potatos for the first two years between the rows. I would like to know where I can do the best to get them.—JOHN J. MORRIS, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Rabbits Barking Fruit Trees.

R. R. Jones and and others, Sprague, Washington Territory: For remedies against rabbits barking trees, see answer to Dr. H. J. P. in this number of the BLADE.

Cultivating Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having recently noticed an article in the BLADE FARM from a subscriber in Burlington, Ia., upon cultivating corn in dry weather, I wish to offer a few remarks upon that subject. My experience in raising corn has been to thoroughly pulverize the ground before planting. After planting, and corn has first made its appearance, harrow the corn well, following with the roller, and if the serson is favorable, cultivate until the tassel appears; but if the season has appearance of a drouth, plowing should not be continued so long as the hot winds of this country will dry out the roots if the ground is constantly being stirred, causing the grain to be chaffy and light; whereas, if the ground had been left packed, the corn is more firm and yields more to the acre. —E. B. B., McCune, Kan.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Thrush.

Subscriber, Stewartstown, Pennsylvania: There is a certain remedy for thrush. This disease of the frog in a horse's foot may be known by the ragged appearance of the frog, the offensive smell and black discharge. It is the result of the horse standing in straw saturated with urine, the horse's excretions, frost bite, etc. Apply a linseed poultice for 24 hours, with powdered charcoal on the surface, after cutting away all ragged parts of the frog and thoroughly cleaning all the surroundings. All excessive growth must be taken off, but be careful not to cut on the healthy part of the frog. Then take of calomel half an ounce, sweet oil, two ounces. Mix and spread on lint or oakum, and insert in the cleft of the frog so that it will touch the diseased parts; also spread it over wherever the disease shows itself. The lint may be gently pressed into every part with a case knife. The application may be repeated, allowing a day or two to intervene between the putting on of the calomel and oil. When it is dried up, dress the part with pine tar. The horse should be kept in a perfectly dry stall, free from his urine or droppings. After he is well, be careful to always see that the feet are kept free from accumulations that will bring on the disease.

Rabbits Barking Young Fruit Trees.

Dr. H. J. P., Rogersville Ohio: It is said that by mixing tar with sand and applying it to young fruit trees, it will prevent injury by rabbits. A subscriber to the BLADE, some time since, said that by catching a rabbit, cutting it in two, and rubbing the trees with it, no rabbit would touch the young trees. He said that he had tried it until he was convinced that the remedy was an unfailing one. The question that the doctor asks is one that has been asked by subscribers to leading papers in all parts of the West, the editor of the Iowa FARM CYCLOPEDIA that any one who knows of a certain remedy against the rabbit pest, will favor us with it. Among the 800,000 readers of the BLADE, there are certainly some who know what will prevent rabbits from gnawing the bark from young fruit trees. A way that has been tried with success is to take old newspapers, fold them once, and apply on one side a good coat of soft soap and sand. They should be cut in strips sufficiently wide to pass around the tree twice, then wrap these strips on the tree with common lapping yarn. The distance between the laps should not be more than an eighth of an inch. In this way the tree is kept clean, and the storms of winter cannot wash the paper away. Mr. Gregg in his book, "How to Raise Fruits," says that to prevent rabbits from eating the bark from young trees, they may be protected by tying split corn stalks, or small strips of bark or shingles around the body, or by wrapping them carefully with wisps of straw, twisted to the height of two feet or more.

Setting Out Apple Trees.

William M., Haigler, Neb.:—It is better to set fruit trees out in the fall than to keep them in trenches during the winter. In rich soil the trees should be protected during the winter by standing rye straw around the trees and making it firm with wrappings of yarn, cloth or straw. When trees are planted in the autumn they settle well in their place and are ready for the spring rains, start early and make vigorous growth. When young fruit trees are transplanted great care should be taken that as many of the small fibrous rootlets as possible are retained. If they are put in the ground before the leaves have fallen the leaves should be stripped off. In putting trees in the ground the soil around the tree should be well pressed down.

Chordes.

J. H., Dell Rapids, Dakota: We judge from your letter that your horse is suffering from a trouble known by the above name, that is of a rheumatic nature, and attacks the muscles of the neck and loins. Apply hot rags to his neck, wrung out of very hot water. Keep the neck well warmed with these for an hour. Then wrap the neck with flannel. Keep the horse in a warm place and give the following: Sixteen ounces of raw linseed oil in which there is stirred half an ounce of ginger. Then give this which is recommended by Dr. H. H. Baker, V. S.: One ounce colchicum seed, one ounce nitrate of potash, two drachms fenugreek seed. Mix thoroughly and divide into 12 powders. Give a powder three times a day in soft feed. The animal will need gentle exercise. A bran mash should be given three times a week after the above is given, for two weeks. The animal should have a rest for a full week from hard work.

Brittle Hoofs in Horses.

Subscriber, Leavenworth, Kansas: Mr. Charles Wharton says of brittle hoofs in his hand book on the treatment of the horse: "Often an otherwise valuable horse has feet that will not hold a nail for any length of time and has to be sent to the smith shop once a week to have new nails put in and shoes removed. All this is necessarily attended with great expense and the foot at last becomes so bad that the horse is useless. The cure is as simple as it is certain. Have a tin or earthen vessel standing in the stable out of the way of your horse. Let it be said to contain a gallon. Every morning let it be filled with chamber lye, a stick some three feet long with some rags fastened at the end, put in it. With this let your groom swab your horse's feet as often as he pleases, at least a dozen times a day, keeping them stopped meantime with cow-droppings or flaxseed meal. Feed cooling food, and in a few weeks your horse's feet will be perfectly sound, when the practice can be discontinued."

Notes.

Every progressive farmer in the country has a knowledge of the ability of Mr. Orange Judd as a writer on agricultural and kindred subjects. He was for 30 years editor of the old *American Agriculturalist*, having built it up so that it was known in every state and territory as a journal of great excellence. He was for four years, up to a few months ago, editor of the *Prairie Farmer*. He and his sons purchased the St. Paul *Farmer*, which is now called the *Orange Judd Farmer*. The improvement in the paper is very marked. It is neat, and ability is displayed on every page. The objectionable free trade trend of the paper is no longer seen. It is now in all respects a good farmers' paper.

Mr. Alexander Backus, formerly in the grain trade here in the firm of Backus & Sons, is now at Manchester, N. H., and owns the Springhaven farm. He has issued a neat pamphlet regarding the French coach horse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wheat-Fly.

This is one of the most formidable enemies of the wheat crop in the United States. Many sorry crops have been charged to freezing out or unfavorable season, when the fly was the cause of the bad crop. Its ravages are greater in some localities, and greater some years than others. Its most favorable season is early in the fall, therefore, early sown wheat is more subject to its attacks. The fly is very sensitive to cold, and perhaps sowing after a good frost is the best remedy for this enemy.

The fly lays its eggs on the leaves of wheat, soon after the plants are up. In four or five days the eggs will hatch, and as soon as hatched, the worms will crawl down the leaf and work their way between it and the main stalk, passing downward till they come to a joint, just above which they remain, a little below the surface of the ground, with the head towards the root of the plant. Having thus fixed themselves upon the stalk, they become stationary, and remain until transformation is complete.

The Hessian or wheat-flies do not eat into the stalk, as some may suppose, but they lie lengthwise upon its surface, covered by the lower part of the leaves. They are nourished wholly by the sap, which they take by suction. As they increase in size and grow plump and firm, they become imbedded in the side of the stem, by the pressure of their bodies upon the growing plant.

When everything is favorable to the flies, they will be occupied for several weeks depositing their eggs. The fly will often lay twenty to thirty eggs on one leaf, and, when such deposits are made, the young worms will draw all the sap from the plant, and it dies. When their places are found in the wheat, and the stalks look weakly, if the stalks are pulled up and the lower blade pulled back, the larva or worm is seen at the joint.

As soon as the flies are hatched out in the spring, they are prepared to lay their eggs on the leaves of the wheat sown the fall before, and also the spring wheat which is making its appearance above the surface of the ground. If all things are favorable, the fly will continue laying for about three weeks, and then disappear from the fields. When these eggs are hatched, the worms pass down the leaf, as in the fall. In this state they are found at harvest, and, when the grain is gathered, they remain in the stubble, where most of them will be transformed into flies early in the fall. For this reason, it is best not to sow wheat on the same land two years in succession.—*Thomas D. Baird, in Prairie Farmer.*

The Cabbage Worm.

I believe I can offer a cheaper remedy for cabbage worm than that of Mr. Weed, for lye not only costs something, but is troublesome to apply, as it will take the color out of the clothes if it touches them. The only remedy I have used for years is to throw a hoeful of earth into each head as I am hoeing them. It is best to do it when the dew is on, so that it will adhere to the leaves; and I would advise that it be scattered evenly, although I have never known a cabbage to rot from a pint in one place. It does not injure the head at all, as in growing it throws it out. I believe that if begun in time and faithfully followed up, this will always save the cabbage, and it can be done without loss of time as you go to them.—*W. F. Brown in Country Gentleman.*

Sell Good Old Corn Now.

On October 8 No. 2 corn sold in Chicago for 44¼ and 45 cents for cash and for October delivery; at 45¼ for November delivery; at 41⅛ cents for December, and at 38⅛ cents for January. A year ago to-day, when there were 550,000,000 to 600,000,000 bushels less of crop than now, corn for October and November delivery sold at 42½ cents, and for December at 41¼ cents. It would seem remarkable, at first view, that with so large a yield, the present price should rule 3 cents higher per bushel. But it is explainable, first, by the fact that little new corn will be ready for transportation before November and December, and so there is a brisk demand for all old corn that can be used to fill contracts, or enter into immediate transportation for distant consumption. When the present crop comes freely to market, it would seem to be impossible for present rates to keep up, in the face of the immense supply, and the Board of Trade offers for future months indicate a general expectation of lower prices, though the large wheat shortage will help keep prices higher for corn than would otherwise be the case.

The lesson indicated by the above is, that all who have any old corn in condition to grade No. 2, would do well to take advantage of the present rates, and hurry it to market. This is a reasonable view of the situation. Of course, no one can positively predict what may happen; but the present supply promises to be too large to be "cornered" up to high figures at any time during the present crop year.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Storing Celery.

A subscriber writes from Kansas asking how to store celery for winter use. It may be left in the ground over October 25 and November 25. Celery will stand quite a hard frost but must not be touched while frozen, or it is most certain to decay. The ground in which it is to be stored should be as dry as possible, and the trench so arranged that no water will stand in it. The trench should not be more than 8 or 10 inches wide, but should be as deep as the celery is high. The celery should be placed in the trench as near perpendicular as possible, so that its green tops will be on a level with the top of the trench. Let the earth that adheres to the roots when they are dug remain on them, but no more is needed.

After the middle of December (or when settled cold weather has arrived) on to January 1st, the trench should be gradually covered with some light, dry material—hay, straw or leaves. By January 1st the covering should be at least a foot thick. Let the covering be put on from time to time so as to allow the heat that is generated by the celery being packed tightly, to pass off. Covered with either of these light materials, it can be easily taken at any time from the trench.

If your crop is small and stored for family use or private sale, quite a quantity may be preserved in any cellar where there is no fire heat. If only a few hundred roots are to be stored, they can be placed in boxes from eight to ten inches wide, and a little less in depth than the celery is high. Put a few inches of sand or soil on the bottom of the box; pack the celery as tightly as possible without bruising. Have the roots on the sand and pack as nearly upright as possible. The boxes thus packed may be put upon the cool floor or the cellar.

A large quantity can be stored in a cellar by this plan: Place a board on edge 8 or 9 inches from the wall, put a few inches of dirt or sand on the floor, pack the celery in perpendicularly, roots down. When one row has been finished, another may be made by putting up another board 8 or 9 inches from the first; this may be continued as long as desired, or till the cellar is full. As slight freezing does not injure celery, 5 degrees or even 10 degrees below freezing will not injure it. A little above freezing may be considered the best temperature for winter keeping of celery. —*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

To Prevent Winter Killing of Wheat.

The most effective and beneficial mode of preventing the wheat plant from being injured or destroyed by the freezing and heaving of the soil, is liberal mulching, top dressing with fine manure or compost from the barn yard, or slaked peat from the muck pile, to be evenly spread over the fall-sowed wheat field. In autumn, when the ground is sufficiently frozen to bear the wagon wheels, spread just thick enough to have the ground lightly covered, so that when the soil freezes, cracks and heaves, the wheat roots will be covered, protected and not torn out, but the mulch or compost will fall into the cracks and cover the roots, sheltering them from the effects of weather. We have several times seen fields which were liable to this freezing and heaving, with wheat drilled in, portions of which were top-dressed in autumn as above directed, and on which a full crop of good plump grain was secured, while on the portion of the field not mulched, in every instance, the crop of wheat was a total failure, not showing straw or grain enough to be worth harvesting. In fact, the grain obtained from the top-dressed portions of the fields much more than paid the cost of the operation; besides the incidental benefits of this light mulching as a surface manure, it was a protection to the soil from scorching sun rays of summer and sheltered the young grass when the grain was cut off. In fact, liberal, frequent, careful top dressing of fall-sown grains as well as meadows is one of the most profitable and reasonable methods for preserving fertility of soils and protecting winter grains and grasses that farmers can practice, and will be found always profitable.—*American Agriculturist for October.*

Seasonable Notes.

The potato-beetle is said to have more than 20 species of parasites that prey upon it.

Cut-worms are killed by digging them from their hiding-places; also by fall plowing, which exposes them to the action of frost and to the attack of birds.

Borers are cut from the bark with a knife or killed in their holes with a sharpened wire. Better still, wash the tree with a strong solution of soap in June or July, and kill the eggs before any damage is done.

Look for certain forms of the bot or breeze-flies this month; the adults of some species are now ready to deposit eggs.

Clean culture destroys many hiding-places of injurious insects.—*Prairie Farmer.*

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indians Treat an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddlebags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past

POLITICAL.

RENOUNCED THE DEVIL.

The Great Democratic Negro Orator Comes Out for Harrison, Morton and Protection.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—(Special.)—The editor of the Washington *Echo*, a paper devoted to the interests of the negro race, and supported by the Democratic National committee, has come out squarely for Harrison, Morton and Protection. The editor says open confession is good for the soul, and he gladly admits the error into which he had fallen.

"The Democratic representatives in Congress," he says, "wink at the outrages perpetrated upon the negroes," and he adds that the Southern press is as silent as the graveyard. It should make the blood of any negro tingle to hear Democratic senators making apologies for outrages upon the poor, but honest negroes of the southland, and in view of these facts he says: "Can any colored man with one grain of pride or patriotism support Democracy as now constituted and managed? I cannot do it longer.

He adds: "And the *National Echo* will not be an organ to re-echo Democratic doctrine, but shall in the future advocate the grand old principles of the Republican party. With all its faults it is the best and only political party that the negro can confide in."

The editor of the *Echo* encloses several letters from Democrats prominent in the councils of their party, showing their motives in grasping after the colored vote, and the means they take to induce colored men to vote the Democratic ticket.

Mr B. B. Robinson, who is the editor of the *Echo*, warns every colored voter in the North, who so far forgets himself as to vote the Democratic ticket, that he is sealing his own political damnation and blighting the hope of his oppressed people in the South.

A LIE OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH.

Mr. Robinson further declares that the statement of Ex-Minister Taylor that 240,000 colored men in the Northern states will vote for Cleveland, is all bosh. Taylor, he declares, is a Democratic scarecrow, and his 240,000 votes consists of Clark and Fortune in Ohio, Mathews and Gross in New York, Taylor and Turner in Missouri, and a few other mis guided creatures, and Mr. Robinson adds: "I hope they will see their error and leave the enemy's camp and return to the house of their friends."

Correspondence that is accessible, shows the intimate relations which have existed between the *National Echo* and the Democratic National Committee.

The editor, on a recent date, sent Mr Brice a long list of names to which it was proposed to send his paper, and Mr. Brice replied under date of August 25, that the letter had been referred to the New York State Cleveland League, and he would be advised as to the distribution of the *Echo*. He also advises him to comply with the League suggestions in every respect.

This was followed by numerous letters from Democratic sources ordering large quantities of the paper and remitting the money for the same. One of the most conspicuous orders was from the National Negro Democratic Executive Committee at Pittsburg, Pa., signed by John Anderson, the secretary, under date of September 15, offering to subscribe for 10,000 copies weekly, and perhaps more, through Mr. Kisner, chairman of the Democratic committee there.

TURNER'S CONVENTION.

Mr. Robinson says that the Indianapolis convention was manipulated by Mr. Brice's National Democratic committee, and that the negro strikers who were sent out under Mr. Brice's direction, at the time, got the money and tickets in a very liberal manner in the hands of the delegates.

The whole thing was a pre-arranged plan to stampede the negro voters into the Democratic camp. The whole Indianapolis performance, he says, has fallen flat. He says that it will have little effect in this campaign. When the *National Echo* comes out next week for Harrison and Morton it will put a finishing touch to the colored Democracy of the United States.

FEARFUL OF FRAUD.

Danger to Republicans in New York City Due Chiefly to the Great Need of Ballot Reform.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Since Gov. Hill vetoed the ballot reform bill that was passed at the last session of the Republican legislature, the ballot boxes of this state have no adequate protection from some forms of fraud. There is nothing but a false oath to prevent any man from registering several times, if he arranges it with the owners and tenants of the houses from which he registers, so in case any inquiry is made it will not be found out that the man who registered is not a voter in that district.

There is no way of finding out how many places of residence a man has, if he exercises due care. By these means the legal vote of New York can be inflated 10 per cent. The fight between the local Democracy adds every inducement to illegal voting, and Cleveland and Hill will be gainers by it.

Chairman Quay recognizes the danger to the Republican National ticket from this, as New York is such a close state that a few thousand votes is the difference

BETWEEN DEFEAT AND VICTORY.

There are enough election frauds in the way of illegal registration in one district on the East Side to use up the whole $25,000 fund deposited by Chairman Quay to detect false registrations. Chairman Quay believes that with a fair election enough workingmen will desert the Democratic party for the Republican on the issue of protection to change the politics of the state to a large majority for Harrison.

BIGGER THAN THE MUGWUMPS.

The Irish-American Anti-Free Trade organization has extended until it embraces every assembly district in New York. The members are Irish-Americans who would be in the Democratic party were it not that the Democratic party is showing leanings to the English policy of free trade. The Irish-American district organization have club-rooms throughout the city, in each of which there is a meeting at least once a week, addressed by speakers of their own and other nationalities, at which both Irish-Americans and other workingmen are present. One of these Irish-American club rooms is near Madison square, on Fifth avenue in the heart of the mugwump district and there are more Irish-Americans in New York city than there are Mugwumps.

The Democratic contributions in answer to the begging circular have dwindled so that the screws are being put on the office-holders more heavily, to make them come up with enough money to run the campaign. The way the Democrats are running this campaign costs money, and they must have plenty of money or they will run short on election day, when it is most needed.

Everything in New York Points to a Republican Victory.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—(Special.)—The registration in New York and Brooklyn thus far shows a large increase over last year and preceding years. That of yesterday was larger than ever before. The increases is far beyond proportionately, the growth of those two cities, and shows a phenomenal interest in the political situation this fall.

Whenever a condition of this kind has existed it has been followed by an increased Republican vote, and a lessening of Democratic majorities here that has had a decided bearing upon the result in the state.

New York being one of the states which the Democracy have insisted upon calling their own in this campaign, the registration would show what the Republican managers have all along held—that the sentiment in the state is most decidedly for the Republican candidates and the principles which their candidacy demonstrates.

The three Republican districts show as much gain as the six Democratic districts, with the exception of less 259 votes. This would indicate an increased Republican registration of about 50 per cent over that made by the Democrats.

John J. Davenport, who is more familiar with registration statistics in this city than any one else, said to-day that the registration was simply surprising. That it showed intense activity in Republican circles and comparative apathy among the Democrats.

COMING OUR WAY.

Newark, N. J., Cuts Down Her Big Democratic Majority by One-Half.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—(Special.)—The charter election in Newark, N. J., passed off without much excitement. The result is a falling off of the Democratic majority of 1,305 last year on the city ticket by about 700.

The Republicans elect eight out of the fifteen aldermen voted for and will have a majority of about six in the common council next year. One ward is in doubt.

The Democrats carry the board of education for the next year by 16 to 14.

On the aldermanic ticket the Republicans had an uphill fight, as ten of the aldermen were Republicans and only five Democrats. Five of these Republicans represented Democratic wards and there seemed no hope of carrying these in a presidential year. The result, therefore, surprised and gratifies Republicans and mortifies their opponent.

Great efforts were made by the Democratic leaders to get a majority in the city for the sake of its effect throughout the state and much disappointment was expressed.

BLAINE IN INDIANA.

A Grand Meeting at Indianapolis Yesterday.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—A monster Republican demonstration was held here yesterday. All the available rolling stock on the railroads was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the travel from within a circuit of 50 miles around the city. It is estimated that nearly 40,000 persons reached the city during the day. A monster procession, principally composed of campaign clubs and organizations from manufacturing establishments, was reviewed by Gen. Harrison and Mr. Blaine from the balcony of the New Denison House. In the afternoon a meeting was held at the fair grounds, which Mr. Blaine attended.

There was a great rush and some confusion upon his arrival, and he concluded to defer his speech until evening.

In the evening Mr. Blaine spoke in Tomlinson hall to an appreciative audience, estimated at 6,000. He said:

"FELLOW CITIZENS OF INDIANA:—It is the studied and persistent effort of the Democratic party, in this Presidential campaign to prejudice the west against the east on the subject of the tariff, maintaining that the eastern states get the benefit of protection and the western states get its burden. Now if the tariff for protection so operates that one section gets the gain and the other gets the loss then the whole system of protection ought to be abolished; and if the advocates of a protective tariff cannot prove that it is not of as great advantage to the east as it is to the west, as great advantage to the south as it is to the north, and that it is a national and not a sectional policy—if, I say, they cannot establish those points, then the policy ought to be abandoned. But I maintain, and, in the few minutes I shall occupy your attention, I shall endeavor to prove, by figures and by facts, that the west, the great, growing, teeming, prosperous west, has gained more out of the protective tariff than any section of the whole Union. [Applause.]

FACT, NOT FANCY.

"Gentlemen, I know that involves questions of fact and not questions of fancy; and I call your attention to the census of 1860—and if there be any Democrats present they will not wish to dispute the correctness of that census for it was taken under the administration of Mr. Buchanan. I quote the figures of that census, as to the wealth of eleven Western states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. The last two were territories when Mr. Lincoln came into power, but were long since made states. According to the census of 1860 the aggregate wealth of these eleven Western states was something under $4,000,000,000, and in 1880, twenty years afterwards, by the national census the wealth of these states was $16,500,000,000. [Applause.]

It has increased and grown four-fold in 20 years; and the last eight years enough has been added to carry up the wealth of those eleven states beyond $20,000,000,000, or a vast deal larger sum than the whole wealth of the United States the day Lincoln was inaugurated. [Applause.]

You can test this question in another way. In 1860 these eleven states had 10,000 miles of railroad, or scarcely that, and to-day, twenty-eight years afterward, they have nearly 80,000 miles of railroad. Mind you, these clever Western states have almost three times as much railway within their borders as the whole union had before the civil war. Something or other has enabled you Western people to get along pretty rapidly; for these states have prospered in a degree far beyond that of the old Eastern states, in a ratio far greater than the Eastern states have maintained. As another proof of that progress, I have here a singular table from the official census of 1860. I think you will agree with me that it is a very suggestive table.

GROWTH UNDER THE TARIFF.

"I will quote those of the eleven Western states, and give you their population at that time. Cleveland was 43,000. Toledo was not large enough to be included in the statement at all. Detroit was 45,000 Grand Rapids, that now has 80,000, was not mentioned. Chicago—what do you say the population of Chicago was in 1860?—100,000. Its growth does not seem to have been much helped by the protective tariff, for it is now three-quarters of a million at least. [Applause.] Milwaukee was 45,000. St. Paul and Minneapolis had not grown to enough consequence in 1860 to be mentioned in this table at all. Together they now contain nearly 300,000 people. Columbus, O., had 18,000, now over 75,000. Cincinnati had 160,000, Louisville 68,000, St. Louis 160,000. Kansas City—The census did not know there was such a place.

"Denver—It had never been heard of in the census. Indianapolis—How much do you suppose it was in 1860? Under 18,000. Des Moines—Something over 3,000. Omaha? Well Omaha had no mention at all. The aggregate of these cities was 670,000 in 1860 and is to day 3,500,000. This is the way, Mr. Chairman, the protective tariff has been retarding the growth and development of the West. [Applause.] This is the great hardship the West has suffered by reason of protective tariff.

"When you drive the free traders from every other ground they tell you that the protective tariff has stifled the export trade of the United States, that it has built up a lot of factories and railways, but that the foreign commerce of the country has all gone to pieces.

"I again quote from the census and show you that from the time the Declaration of Independence was made down to the time that Lincoln was elected president—I will go further back—from the time America was discovered by Columbus down to the election of Abraham Lincoln, the aggregate shipment of all those years, of all those countries from the United States amounted to $9,000,000,000 in value. Now mark you, that covered the entire history of the government down to 1850, and from 1860 to 1888 the aggregate amount has been $17,500,000,000, almost double as much in the 28 years of the present protective tariff as it was during the whole previous history of the American continent. [Applause.] That is the way, gentlemen, in which protection has operated."

Mr. Blaine's speech was listened to with great interest, and at its close he was heartily cheered.

Mr. Blaine returned to Gen. Harrison's residence for the night. The mass meeting continued until 11 o'clock, Gen Adam King, of Baltimore; Col. Joseph Murray, of Colorado, and others, speaking. A glee club of 28 voices, from Piqua, O., enthused the great audience with campaign songs.

WILL FIGHT TO DEATH.

The Faction Fight in New York City can not be Stopped.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—(Special.)—Another local Democratic dissension cropped out last night and created great consternation in the ranks of the backers of Mayor Hewitt, who had counted upon the support of the Young Men's Democratic club in this campaign.

A meeting of the representatives of these clubs was held at the Hoffman House to take action in this matter and the Hewitt men went up "cocked and primed" to force a strong resolution in favor of the old man's support upon the organizations.

But the Grant men were too strong and virtually carried the night be defeating the resolutions looking to the advocacy of the county Democracy candidate.

The speeches against Mr. Hewitt bitterly reflected the Tammany opposition to him and were made by some of the representative young Democrats of the city.

They called "Hands off" in this campaign asking a clear field for a free fight.

This action of the young Democrats emphasizes, with additional strength, the irreconcilable situation existing between the two hostile Democratic camps.

From authentic information there is no question of the fact that the White House is greatly agitated over the situation in this city.

Mr. Cleveland fully appreciates the gravity of the situation. He knows that two candidates for mayor means a trade in the electoral ticket, which will cost him at least several thousand votes.

He sent Lamont on here ten days ago to patch the trouble up. Lamont at that time had a long conference with Mr. Richard Croker and Justice Maurice Powers. But no settlement was reached.

Now it is said that the fear has become so great that he is coming on here and will use the entire power of the federal machinery to make the County Democracy and Tammany Hall come to terms.

A prominent Tammany Hall man said when spoken to on the subject: "Nothing can change our position; we are in for this fight on the lines as they are now drawn. We would like to see Cleveland re-elected, but at the same time like to save our own bacon. The President of the United States is a very nice thing to have but there is a good deal more patronage for us under the mayor."

To day is important. Yesterday has gone. To-morrow never comes. Take care of your cough to-day by using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is a sure cure.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

ONE MORE VETO.

A Widow Whose Allowance is Cut off by Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The President today vetoed the Senate bill granting restoration of pension to Sarah A. Woodbridge on the ground that the precedent ought not to be established of granting a pension to a soldier's widow after marriage, when the second husband still survives. The President in his veto message says:

"If in pension legislation we attempt to determine the cases of this description, in which the second husband cannot or does not properly maintain the soldier's widow whom he has married, we shall open the door to much confusion and uncertainty as well as unjust discrimination. I am glad to learn from a statement contained in the committee's report that this beneficiary, though in a condition making the aid of a pension very desirable, has a small income derived from property inherited from her mother."

The President to-day also vetoed the bill authorizing the secretary of the Treasury to settle the claim of James M. Wilbur for extra work in laying the tiling in the New York postoffice building in 1874. The claim amounted to about $45,000.

PENNY POSTAGE PREFERRED

By Senator Mitchell, Who Gives His Reasons for the Reduction.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The Senate Chamber presents, after the reading of the journal, a depressingly deserted aspect on these mornings.

Mr. Mitchell addressed the Senate in advocacy of the bill heretofore introduced by him to reduce letter postage to one cent In the event of the proposed reduction being carried out, he thought there was no good reason why the unit of weight should not be fixed at two ounces instead of one ounce, and why fourth class matter of merchandise should not be put on an equality with third class matter.

With these changes all the present absurd distinction between first, third and fourth class matter would be wiped out. A uniform rate of one cent for every two ounces of weight would exist on all matter except newspapers and periodicals sent to subscribers.

The annoyances that so often now result from the detention of matter for insufficient postage could be made to disappear; the temptation to petty fraud by the concealment of written matter in matter of a lower grade would vanish, and absolute privacy could be given to every parcel in the matter mailed, for there would no longer be any reason why it should not all be sealed. The bill was referred to the Postoffice committee.

NO MORE MONEY.

Uncle Sam Has Run Out of Funds and Calls a Halt.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Acting Secretary Thompson has issued the following:

"Notice is hereby given that, until otherwise ordered, the secretary will not accept offers of bonds that are held as security for national bank circulation. The offers already accepted are found to include bonds so deposited to an amount which exhausts the three million dollar limit for the month of October, and will nearly or quite absorb that for November, if the banks debarred from the October withdrawals are willing to lose the interest between this and November 1."

OUR "NEW NAVY."

The Stern Post of the Big Baltimore Found to be Defective.

WASHINGTON, Oct 13.—A large crack has been discovered in the steel stern post of the new cruiser Baltimore, which was launched last Saturday. The ship is now in water and it will be necessary to dock her before the defective stern post can be attended to. The defect is said to be the result of improper cooling of the castings. It is not known whether it will be necessary to entirely renew the stern post or not.

HOLDING BACK.

Is Cleveland Afraid to Submit the Chinese Treaty Correspondence?.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—On September 25 the Senate adopted a resolution calling upon the President for copies of the late correspondence which passed between the department of state and Minister Denby regarding the ratification of the Chinese immigration treaty which was rejected by the celestial empire after the passage by Congress of the anti-Chinese immigration bill and before it reached the President.

The object of the resolution was to ascertain what passed between the department and our minister in China which extricated the President from an embarrassing predicament by securing a rejection of the treaty. It is believed that the rejection was forced by our minister. Up to this time the President has ignored the senate's resolution, and it is stated that he intends to continue to ignore the resolution till after election at least. The President's silence on the subject is regarded as ominous.

WANT TO ADJOURN.

Both Branches of Congress Ready to Shut Up Shop for the Season—Who Will Break the Ice?

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—(Special.)—There was a ripple of excitement in the House this morning, when Mr. Oates, of Alabama, introduced a resolution for a final adjournment at noon on Wednesday. It was looked at with suspicion, and laid over until to-morrow, to allow the leaders of both parties to caucus on the matter in the meantime.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—(Special.)—Only 44 members of the House were present today, but they refused to adopt Mr. Oates's adjournment resolution. Its consideration was postponed by a vote of 23 to 21.

Senator Allison contemplates offering a resolution this afternoon or to-morrow, providing for a recess until November 19.

The resolution is already prepared in writing. It will not take effect until the Senators present have finished speaking on the tariff bill, which will probably be day after to-morrow.

THE CIVIL SERVICE FARCE,

The Report of the Select Committee Presented to the Public.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Senator Hale has submitted to the Senate a report from the special committee to examine into the present condition of the civil service. The report makes a printed document of 50 pages. It discusses elaborately the testimony taken in New York, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and concludes with the following general summary:

The investigations made by the committee, and the facts therein brought forth, established these things beyond controversy:

First—That partizan changes have been made in the federal offices in a wholesale way under no pretense that the good of the public service demanded such changes. In most marked instances, as in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Indianapolis and New York, these changes have been followed by scandals in the public service which has been rendered less efficient by reason of the changes.

"Second—That federal officials throughout the country, contrary to the directions of the President, as found in his letter of July 14, 1886, have freely and openly participated in political conventions and primary election movements, using their official influence.

"In Pennsylvania the entire machinery of the federal service was put in operation for the purpose of controlling the Democratic organization in the state in the interest of the administration force against the friends of Mr. Randall.

"The state conventions were dominated and controlled by the federal officials, and the chairmanship of the state committee was secured by the offices bestowed by the administration upon members of the committee who changed their allegiance from Mr. Randall to the President.

"In no case does the committee find that a federal officer has been disciplined for such interference in politics, but on the other hand such interference has been repeatedly recognized and rewarded.

"This interference in some cases, notably at Binghamton, N. Y., was most offensive to the people and amounted to a conspiracy to thwart and defeat the popular will.

"That the system of levying tolls and assessments upon federal officeholders for political purposes has continued without interruption since the administration came into power. The committee is persuaded that at present throughout the country officeholders are being generally assessed and called on to contribute from their salaries to swell the campaign funds of the Democratic party.

"While these assessments, so generally made and responded to, are in violation of the repeated declarations of the President and of the fundamental principles of civil service reform, the committee hardly feels warranted in severely animadverting upon the conduct of these subordinates for violating the policy announced by the President, in view of the fact that that policy has been departed from and grossly violated by the President and members of his cabinet in their collections and uncontradicted subscriptions of large sums to the Democratic national committee.

"It is not to be expected that subordinates will feel justified in considering as sincere, declarations of policy which are so palpably repudiated by their author, and the fact that the President of the United States, in a campaign in which he has so great personal interest, contributes notoriously one-fifth of a year's salary for political uses, is fairly to be taken by those who depend upon him for their tenure of office as not simply an invitation but a command to do likewise.

"While perhaps not strictly the functions of the committee it may not be improper for it to commend to the consideration of the legal adviser of the President the inquiry whether such subscriptions as made, were not in direct violation of the following provisions of law: (The provisions of law are here stated).

"All these things are contrary to the pledges repeatedly made by the President both before his election and since, in his letters and messages and well authenticated interviews."

The report here makes quotations from the first letter of acceptance of President Cleveland; From his letter of December 25, 1884, to Hon. George William Curtis: from his inaugural address; from his first annual address, and from his letter of September 11, 1885, to Civil Service Commissioner Eaton, condemnatory of the spoils system and enumerating the President's views on civil service reform.

It says the investigations made by the committee show a condition of affairs as diametrically opposed to what the President has promised as it would, be possible to imagine.

To show how these promises have been kept the committee quotes the concluding paragraphs of the Civil Service Reform association of Indiana, composed largely of gentlemen who supported the President in 1884, and, commenting on which, the commissioner says:

"The committee can appreciate the condition of mind in which these gentlemen of Indiana must have been when confronted with the facts brought out by their investigation, many of which have been also established before this committee."

Congress.

October 9.—Senate—The conference report on the deficiency bill was presented, read in full and agreed to. Bills passed: Relating to the Presidential count; to constitute Lincoln, Neb., a port of delivery in the collection district of New Orleans, and to extend to it the provisions of the act in relation to the immediate transportation of dutiable goods. Bill introduced: To pay to the widow of Chief Justice Waite $8,745, a sum equal to the balance of his salary for the year in which he died. Resolution adopted: For an inquiry into the assassination of Joseph Hoffman, a witness before the committee on privileges and elections in Louisiana during the political disturbances at Brenham, Tex.) Mr. Hiscock addressed the Senate on the tariff bill.

House — Bills passed: Appropriating $50,000 for enforcement of the Chinese exclusion act; appropriating $75,000 to secure to the Cherokee freedmen their portion of certain proceeds of lands under the act of March 3, 1883; supplemental to the act of January 3, 1887 (providing for the meeting of Presidential electors, etc.); it provides that the certificates shall be forwarded to the President of the Senate forthwith after the second Moneay in January.

October 10—Senate—Resolutions adopted: Instructing the committee on foreign relations to inquire and report what action can be taken to effect an arrangement whereby American cattle for export to England or other European countries may be transported through Canada without being subjected to the delay imposed by the quarantine regulations now in force Bills passed: For the retirement of Andrew J. Smith, colonel of the Seventh cavalry; paying to the widow of Chief Justice Waite the sum of $8,475, being the balance of his year's salary; for the relief of Chippewa Indians in Minnesota; authorizing the construction of railroad bridges across the Poteau river, in the Choctaw nation, near Fort Smith, Ark.; across the Kentucky river and its tributaries, the latter with amendments; also the House bill for the relief and civilization of the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota, with an amendment. The Senate then resumed consideration of the tariff bill and was addressed by Mr. Bate.

House—Conference report on the deficiency bill was agreed to and the House adjourned until Friday.

Oct. 11.—Senate—Bills passed: Appropriating $50,000 for enforcement of Chinese exclusion act. Mr. Mitchell then proceeded to address the Senate in advocacy of the bill heretofore introduced by him to reduce letter postage to one cent.

House—Not in session.

October 12—Senate: Mr. Chase continued the speech he had begun yesterday, and which was chiefly directed to a review of the merits and demerits of the two parties in regard to the postal service. Mr. Dail reviewed Mr. Chase's argument of yesterday as to a sectional conspiracy against labor.

House—The conference report on bill for payment of Fourth of July claims was adopted. Resolution adopted: For the printing of the first and second annual reports of the commissioner of labor and the annual report of the directors of the mint. Mr. Hooker, of Mississippi, then presented the conference report on the bill to retire Gen. Alfred Pleasanton with the rank of major, and it was agreed to. Bills passed: Appropriating $2,300 for the relief of Samuel Fells, of Kentucky; for the payment of back bounty to P. C. Mouqueeny, of Chicago.

October 15—Senate—The attendance of Senators to-day is larger than might have been anticipated, there being some thirty of them present when the journal was read. The message of the President vetoing the pension bill of Mrs. Sarah Woodbridge, on the ground that her second husband is still living and that such a precedent ought not to be established, was laid before the Senate. Bill passed: Authorizing the secretary of war to protect the Washington aqueduct tunnel. Resolution adopted: Authorizing the executive departments to use articles in their possession for exhibition at the Paris exhibition.

House—Resolution relative to discussion of Senate tariff bill on the floor of the House. A resolution introduced by Mr. Oats (Ala.) to close the present session of Congress on the 7th inst., was laid over until to-morrow. The House then adjourned. Bills introduced: Granting a bounty of 160 acres of public land to soldiers and sailors of the war and to the heirs of those who were killed in battle; also granting pensions to soldiers and salors of the late war who are mentally and physically disabled or who have attained the age of 65.

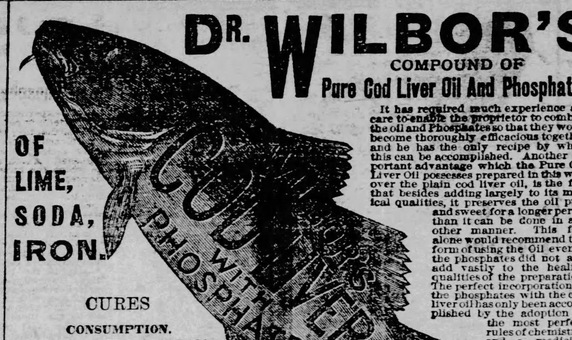
LIBERALISM IN ANNEXATION.

That is Premier Macdonald's View of the Canadian Situation.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 10.—Sir John Macdonald, premier of the Dominion, in an interview to-day expressed the opinion that the Liberal party is irretrievably committed to some sort of political and commercial surrender by Canada to the United States, "call it what you will, unrestricted reciprocity, commercial union or annexation." The next federal election, he says, will be fought out on these lines.

The Dominion government has dispatched a party of engineers to survey the Detroit river, with the object of determining Canada's rights in the St. Clair Flats canal. The old government of Canada, before the confederation, in 1867, granted financial aid to the enterprise, and old surveys have established the fact that the greater portion of the canal is Canadian territory.

In an attempt to rob the pay-car on the Black Hills & Fort Pierre railroad, two robbers were fatally shot, and the third got away with some holes in him. The paymaster stood them all off with a Winchester.



AN ANGEL PAYS NO BILLS.

A Religious Crank in the East Who Met a Just Rebuke at the Hands of the Court.

EASTON, Pa., Oct 16.—(Special.)—A set of religious cranks have been practicing in this community, and have enticed two young girls to leave their homes. They have kept them hidden, despite the efforts of the family to ascertain their whereabouts. One of the girls, however, was found just as she was going away with a young man for New York, "to serve God," as she declared.

A few months ago the public was informed of a scandalous case, the result of religious insanity, at Park Ridge, N. J., near Newark. One Mason Houtsman, claiming to be a preacher, induced Mrs. Eliza Berry, of Newark, to leave her husband. Soon afterwards he was joined at Park Ridge by Mrs. Jane Howell, another woman who had been deluded by Houtsman in the same manner.

Houtsman became an inmate of the house, but the Park Ridge people rose up in indignation, took Houtsman out of the house, cut off his whiskers, horsewhipped him, and drove him out of the town.

On Friday last Miss Jennie Ricker, aged 25, and her sister, Miss Lizzie, aged 20, returned to their home in Phillipsburg (across the river from here) from a visit to Newark. With them came Houtesman and the two married women. The daughters told their mother that they went to establish religious meetings in Phillipsburg, and wanted to stay in the house for a few days, Mrs. Ricker is a devout Methodist, and allowed the strangers to remain.

On Sunday Houtesman astounded Mrs. Ricker by telling her that the Lord had informed him to take charge of the house, and she must go. He prepared to oust her, and a scene took place.

Because she would not go, Houtseman applied all kind of obscene epithets to her, while his female adherents prayed and hysterically sobbed. Finally Mrs. Ricker drove Houtseman from the house. Then, to her surprise, her daughters declared that Houtseman was right and that they would go with him.

Houtseman, the two women and the girls then left, and before Mrs. Ricker could recover from the shock they had disappeared.

The police were notified and finally captured the two sisters. Mrs. Berry and Mrs. Howell were later arrested and yesterday sentenced to thirty days in jail. Houtseman, who is occupying a cell in the police station, declares that he is an angel and pays no bills.

IMPRISONED THIRTY-THREE YEARS.

Michael Gorman Once More a Free Man —History of the Crime.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Michael Gorman, who killed Charles Johnson, in Brooklyn, on July 4, 1855, and was sentenced to Sing Sing for life, has been released on a pardon granted by Governor Hill. Officer Delan, of the Sessions court, Brooklyn, left for Sing Sing last night with the pardon in his pocket. He was a school friend of the prisoner, and has been mainly instrumental in securing the latter's release. Officer Dolan has petitioned every governor since Governor Gorman's pardon, and has been supported by such men as Judge Moore, Registrar Murtha and Hugh McLaughlin.

Gorman had been drinking heavily on July 4, 1855, and when night came he lay down in a field, which is now Fort Green Park, and fell asleep.

Charles Johnson and a companion passed by, and, being under the influence of liquor, began to beat Gorman. The latter entered into the fight and stabbed Johnson in the breast, the wounds produced death in a few days

Gorman was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. His mother went to Albany with Mayor Stryker and petitioned Gov. Clark for a commutation of her son's sentence for imprisonment for life, and when it was granted she became so overjoyed that she died a few days later of heart disease.

Gov. Hill does not really pardon Gorman; he commutes his sentence to imprisonment for thirty-two years, eight months and twenty-one days, which term, beginning on July 13, 1856, terminates to-day. The liberated man is now 60 years of age, and has spent over half his life in prison. His friends have arranged to support him for the remainder of his days.

THE HALE ESTATE.

It Will be Equally Divided Among the Heirs.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—The contest made by Martin C. Hale, Douglas R. Hale, and Franklin Hale against the will of their mother, Mrs. Matilda C. Hale, was amicably settled yesterday. Mrs. Hale died July 21, 1883, leaving about $1,000,000 worth of real estate in Cook county. Her will bequeathed her entire property to Prescott G. Hale, one of her sons, in trust for Clara S. Clark, a daughter, Walter R. and Sidney S. Hale, sons, and Augusta S. Clark, a granddaughter.

The contestants, who were the eldest children to Mrs. Hale, were cut off with nothing, and they began proceedings to set aside the will.

They said that their mother had for many years entertained a firm belief in spiritualism, and that when she executed her will she announced that the bequests were dictated by the spirits. It was charged that Prescott obtained an undue influence over his mother. A jury was impaneled yesterday to try the suit. Then it was announced by the attorney representing the contestants that a settlement had been made. The jury thereupon rendered a verdict finding the will void, so that the property can be divided between the heirs.

GETTING RICH EASY.

The Boston Police Inspector Arrested by His Own Officrs.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—Inspector of Police Dennis A. Mountain was arrested last night by Chief Eldridge, of the inspector's force, on the charge of having received stolen property, knowing the same to be stolen. His arrest was made in connection with two others.

Thomas O'Brien, a clerk in the employ of the Old Colony railroad, was arrested for having stolen $350 worth of tickets.

It is claimed the tickets were sold to Mountain and Edward A. Noble, who was also arrested. Mountain has always had an excellent record as a police officer.

He has been on the force for years and never before had a suspicion of such a thing being laid at his door. Noble is what is known as a fakir.

O'Brien has made a full confession, in which he says that he has sold to Mountain for $1 each all the tickets he has been able to steal during the past two years.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

He Is Enthusiastic in His Support of Gen. Harrison.

MANSFIELD O., Oct. 11.—Senator Sherman made a brief address at an informal meeting of the Sherman club in this city, in which he paid a generous tribute to the worth of Gen. Harrison, and gave assurance of his hearty support of the Republican nominee. The senator said he felt no resentment or heartburnings at the result of the Chicago convention, but on the contrary was now well satisfied that he had not been chosen. The senator will go to Cincinnati on Friday and later may make some speeches in Indiana, as the had replied to the request of the national committee that he will do so if dates can be arranged which he can fill.

The Minneapolis grain market has adopted the speculative feature and made dealings in option regular.

THE PARNELL SUIT.

Much Money will be Spent in Trying the Case.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—The extensive preparations made by the *Times* in connection with the libel suit which Mr. Parnell has brought against it and for making its charges against the Irish leader good before the commission appointed for their investigation, are fruitful topics of conversation among the Liberal and Irish members. The enormous expense to which the paper has gone and to which it will further be put before the cases are disposed of is appalling, and the Nationalists are greatly troubled by the fear that an exhaustless exchequer will defeat their cause in the coming trials. An idea of the *Times'* expenses may be gained when it is learned that it has employed numbers of detectives, some of whom have been sent to America and France to collect evidence and to shadow persons suspected of having an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the National League.

The principal Irish members of Parliament are also shadowed, their every movement watched and their actions entirely under surveillance. But the heaviest expense is incurred in the working up of the American end of the case, and it is here that the *Times* hopes to obtain its most valuable evidence. Its detectives are instructed to use the greatest license in effecting their designs, and are empowered to spend money in whatever way they may consider advisable, even to buying unwilling testimony. Then the retainers of the *Times'* lawyers is another drain upon its resources. If the paper had not the soundest financial basis it would certainly go under. The friends of Mr. Parnell are urgently besought to come to his assistance, for those concerned in the case see nothing but defeat unless money is forthcoming.

There are startling developments disastrous to the cause of the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and the Irish party. In the first place, it is ascertained that neither Sir Richard Webster nor Sir Henry James will, as was expected, appear in court to bolster up the case of the *Times*. In brief, the two men, one of whom is her Majesty's attorney general and the leading Tory lawyer, and the other the leading Unionist lawyer who read out the so-called Parnell letters, formulated the charges of the *Times*, received its brief and opened out the lines of its defense, have deserted their client. The leading counsel in the case will be intrusted to Mr. J. P. Murphy, Q. C., who will have Mr. Graham as his junior.

This simultaneous withdrawal, both of the government's representative and of the leading legal adviser of the Unionist party, apparently reflects the opinion of Lord Salisbury and of Lord Hartington, that the case for the *Times* is doomed.

A detective who has just returned from America, and who has for years been devoting his whole time to looking up the records of the alleged dynamiters, says that the *Times* had no prospect of proving its case so far as he could see. John Mallon, the chief superintendent of the Dublin police, has made up his mind to retire from the police service, and the formal announcement of his intention will be made in Ireland soon. Mr. Mallon has been summoned as a witness before the Parnell Commission, and is expected to give sensational evidence. He is now engaging to publish a series of memoirs in London, giving a good deal of inside information about the Fenian movement in Ireland.

JOHN CHINAMEN.

He Is Unsuccessful in His Attempts to Break Into the United States.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Oct. 15.—The four Chinamen continue to be wards of the Grand Trunk railway, sleeping on the floor in the general waiting room of the station.

They have written and received several letters since their arrival here a week ago. The Grand Trunk authorities have done everything in their power to get them across the frontier to their destination, even communicating with the authorities at Washington.

Each time a reply has come that they cannot be allowed to enter the country.

Ah Ling, the seemingly representative and educated one of the party, received a Chinese letter from a friend in Chicago on Friday last, advising him to communicate with the Chinese ambassador at Washington, stating fully the cause of their detention, which he has done.

No doubt the matter will become an international question between China and the United States. The feeling here is that Canada should not be longer made a dumping ground for the Chinese paupers of the United States, made paupers by the United States authorities not allowing them to return to their places of business and work.

LIFE INSURANCE.

An Interesting Case Decided in Chicago— Keep Your Dues Paid.

CHICAGO, Oct. 13.—Judge Anthony rendered a decision on an important question in accident insurance yesterday. Mrs. Libbie A. Fairman sued a life and accident association to recover $5,000 on the death of her husband.

The association refused to pay the death benefit, because Fairman was alleged to have been in arr